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Vol. CXLVIII No. 1931 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 23 1937

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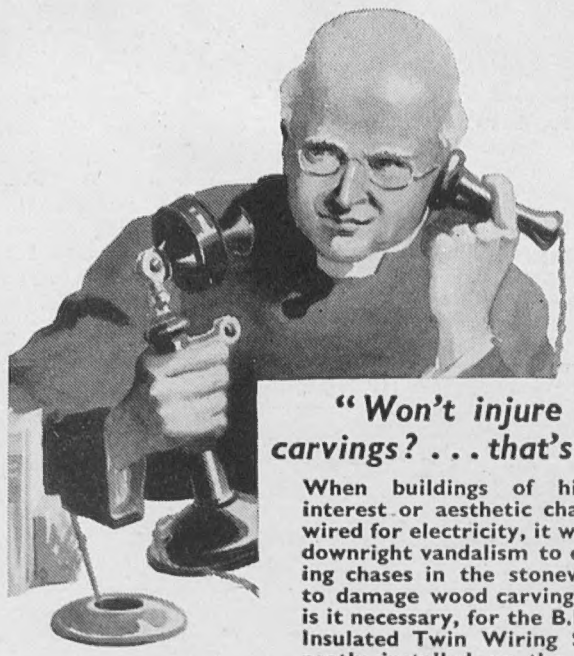

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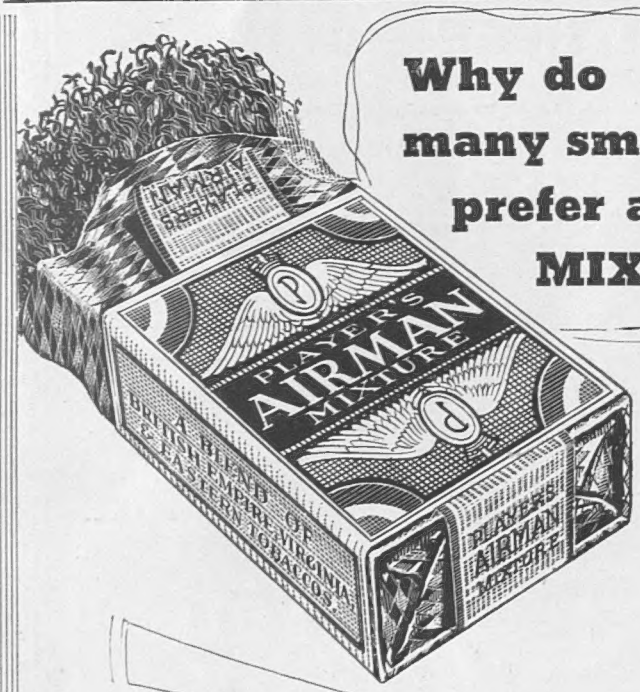

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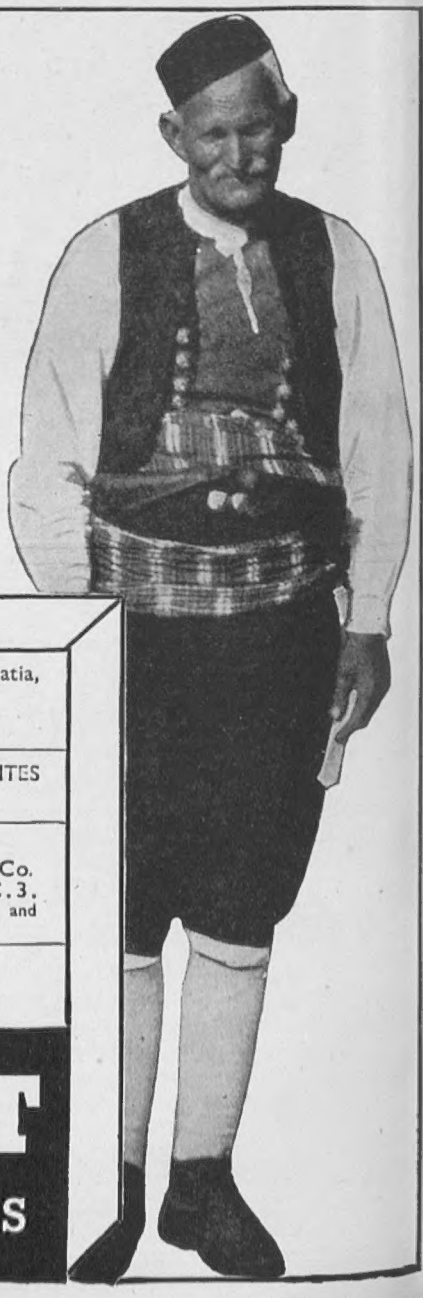

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 23, 1937

General Franco and His German Adviser

The Rebel Commander-in-Chief with General Faubel at His Salamanca Headquarters

While the Chancelleries of Europe have been pondering over Britain's proposal that the nations should take steps to prohibit volunteers leaving for Spain, the Peninsular war has pursued its tragic course with Russians, French, Italians, and Germans continuing in greater or lesser degree, and more or less openly, to play their part in the great struggle. The Germans are without doubt exercising a particularly strong influence and, although much that is exaggerated has been written regarding their military occupation of Spanish Morocco, an uncensored report in *The Times* of January 18 indicates the far-reaching nature of their economic penetration of the country. Highly significant conclusions may also be drawn from this picture taken at rebel G.H.Q., Salamanca, showing General Franco, the Commander-in-Chief, with General Faupel, who is described as "the German representative with the insurgent forces." The extent of his authority is a matter for conjecture

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

PERFECTING FIRE FIGHTING ON THE THAMES: This wharf is being erected at the London Fire Brigade's new headquarters on the Thames Embankment at Lambeth and when completed the Brigade's fire float will be permanently berthed there instead of at Battersea, farther upstream. The float has already proved its immense usefulness in fighting riverside blazes, its powerful jets being able to reach the summit of any burning building

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, January 20, 1937.

THE YEAR OF FATE.—Mr. Eden was communicative to the Foreign Press Association early last week. He told the representatives some details of what was in the mind of the British Government in connection with the Spanish trouble. He regarded as very serious the tendency to divide Europe into opposing camps of Fascists and Communists, but he did not see why Spain should, in working out her own destiny, need to turn permanently to government by one or the other extreme. Neither Fascism nor Communism was indigenous to Spain and he believed that neither would endure or long suit the temper of Spaniards. Then after making a number of rather more trite moralisations on Britain's desire for co-operation, on the economic need for security, and the advantages of peace over war and of plenty of butter over a plethora of guns, he added: "Those wise judges who think that Europe will come to a critical position in 1938 or '39 or '40 are going too far ahead. I think 1937 will perhaps decide the future of our civilisation." That is interesting because it was unequivocably stated. Statesmen who are wise are not prone to prophesy. We in the street have come to think that our European problems are chronic and incurable. Mr. Eden (and I fancy France) have reason to believe that events are moving more rapidly than we ignorant know to a point of decision. That is significant and on the whole welcome news, though we have little idea of the contents of the surprise packet now in the post. Lord Milne, speaking at the Mansion House, was more explicit. He said: "I should be an optimist if I said you have five months from to-night in which to prepare for a European war."

A BUSY TIME FOR PARLIAMENT.—The King's Speech at the dismal opening of Parliament last November (one might say "last century," so much history having been made since) was as full of Parliamentary business as an egg of meat. Defence and the Special Areas bulked large and promised long hours. New business has been added since the abdication. The Civil List—which the Opposition is likely to examine with constructive proposals, though with sympathy—will take up much time. And the Government has another new measure, to enable it to redistribute block grants in favour of the poorer areas. Add to the known and planned-for legislation contemplated, the possible measures which the unforeseeable European situation may require, and the inestimable time which the Budget debates may occupy; deduct the longer Whitsuntide recess and the Coronation holiday; take note of the number of working hours which Cabinet Ministers must spend on coronation committees and matters of ceremonial—and you get the idea that Cabinet and Parliament will have strenuous days before them ere they see the 1937 Derby run. Nor will their duties be made any easier by the congestion of London streets and the mortgaging of pavements to the carpenters between now and June. Working in London will be exhausting enough this spring.

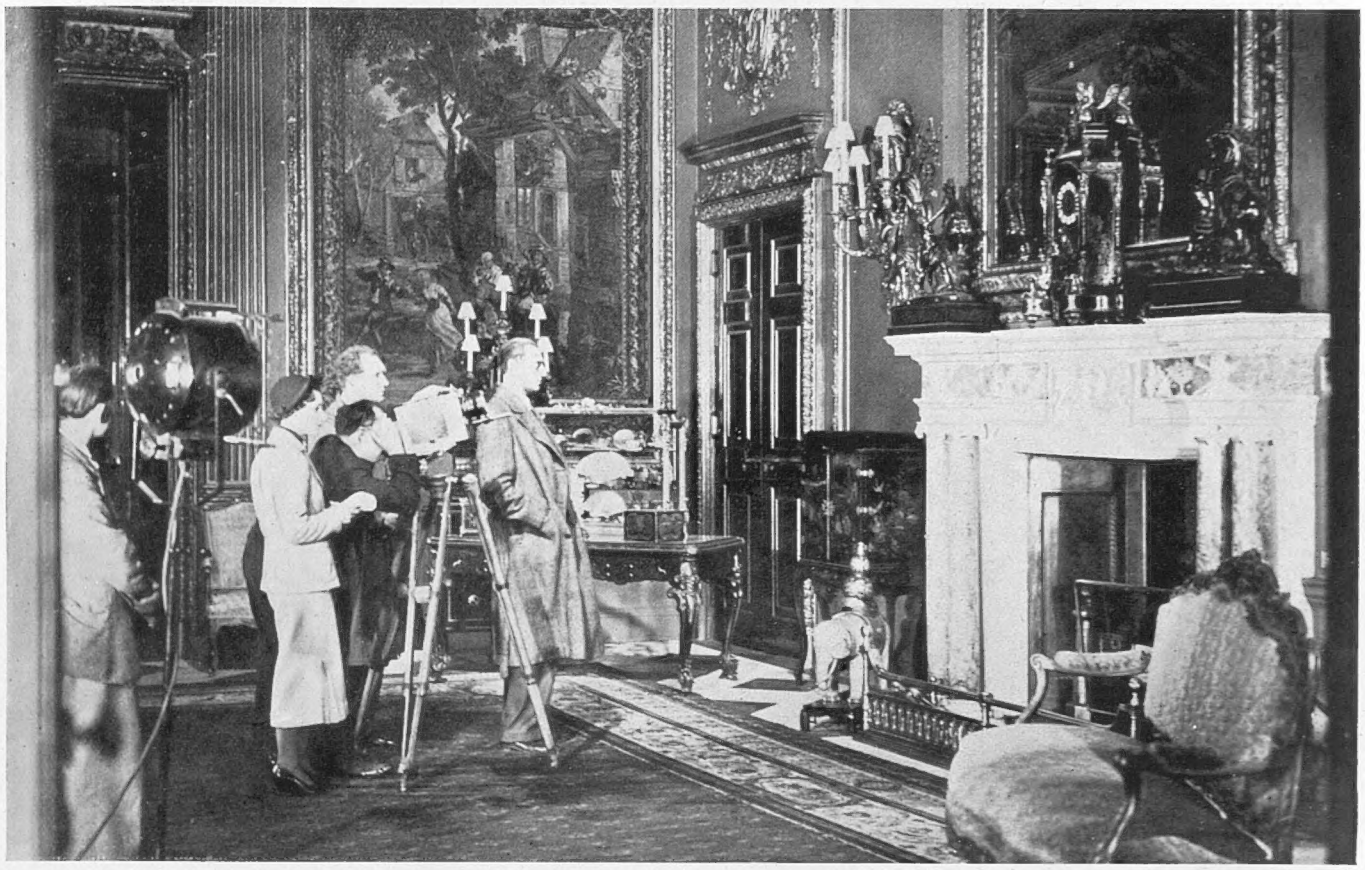
STATE-OWNED RAILWAYS.—Grousing, it would be generally conceded, is a pastime, privilege, and practice of shareholders; and railway shareholders have in the past had some cause for grousing. A monopoly is a dangerous business to direct and often the public first and the shareholder later suffer from the blindness and tyranny which monopoly engenders. Notoriously short-sighted, hidebound, and dictatorial have been in the past railway directors. A hundred years ago they might have foreseen a return of the day of roads and obtained road powers. Even when the internal combustion engine was invented they were too blind to see what it implied. Even when shareholders pointed out to them how the new buses and coach companies were stealing their passenger traffic, they pooh-poohed and did nothing, and when lorries began to steal their goods traffic, they took no steps. Then suddenly they found their business really going and very expensively and with undignified haste they began to seek for road and air powers and to buy interests in their road rivals' companies. Hence railway stockholders suffered and starved and groused. When therefore Mr. Attlee—that confidence-inspiring and dignified Socialist leader—spoke to the British Railway Stockholders' Union last week and promised them a squarer deal when Labour rules again; and promised that the State would take over all railway and other transport and eliminate competition, he reasonably expected a sympathetic audience. But he did not find sympathy. He did not receive even a 50 per cent. approval for his promise to become their shepherd. State ownership and State control of great and complicated industrial concerns have still to win public confidence. We railway stockholders have had no great reason in the past to respect our railway directors but we believe they have learned a few lessons after humiliation and failure. We have found the State pretty short-sighted, dictatorial, and very extravagant in the role of business directors. On the whole we prefer to continue the ills we know than fly to others that we know less about (but quite enough). Excellent Mr. Attlee left the fold in the habit in which he entered it—an obvious wolf skin.

A DIPLOMATIC GREETING.—Hitler gave out his New Year's Greeting to the Diplomatic Corps on Jan. 11, in reply to a greeting delivered by the French Ambassador in Berlin on behalf of the corps. We have reached a pass in international politics very like blind-man's buff. We simply grope in the dark trying to discover truth. We really have less idea than at any time in our civilisation of what is going on in neighbouring countries or behind the masks of those who govern those countries. As one blind man to another, I admit that when I read Hitler's New Year Greeting to France, Britain, and the rest I rubbed my eyes and decided it was a gorgeous undergraduate-type joke. (1) He told the world that he was grateful to God for having enabled him to alleviate in Germany the distress common in other countries, by removing the unemployment problem. (2) He said that the real European culture and strong social justice which he had succeeded in imparting to the German people would prove a reliable element of European order and peace. It was his contribution to the alleviation of anxiety and disturbances in Europe. (3) He issued a warning to the assembled nations through their ambassadors. A stern warning to recognise in time the danger threatening peace and progress in Europe, and to work for a real understanding and conciliation among nations. Does a diplomat reach a stage of experience so wide that he can accept such a statement as this with a grave face and even without surprise? I asked myself if M. François-Poncet, after the Führer's address, bowed solemnly and went back to his Embassy as if nothing odd had happened. Or did he strangle an unseemly guffaw or hurry away home to scream in his bedroom? If you remember the anxieties of France on that day over Spain and Morocco, and Germany's latest contributions to the effort to localise the trouble in Spain during the previous month, you will admit the question is not an unfair one to ask. But it is blind-man's bluff and it is quite possible that Hitler meant every word he said, believed that it represented the truth, and was received as such. And for all I know, it was so received by the Corps Diplomatique. The bandage is on my eyes, that is all? And there it will remain until Hitler comes out into the open and tells Britain, which is not at all unfriendly to Germans and to their aspirations, not only what he means but what he wants.

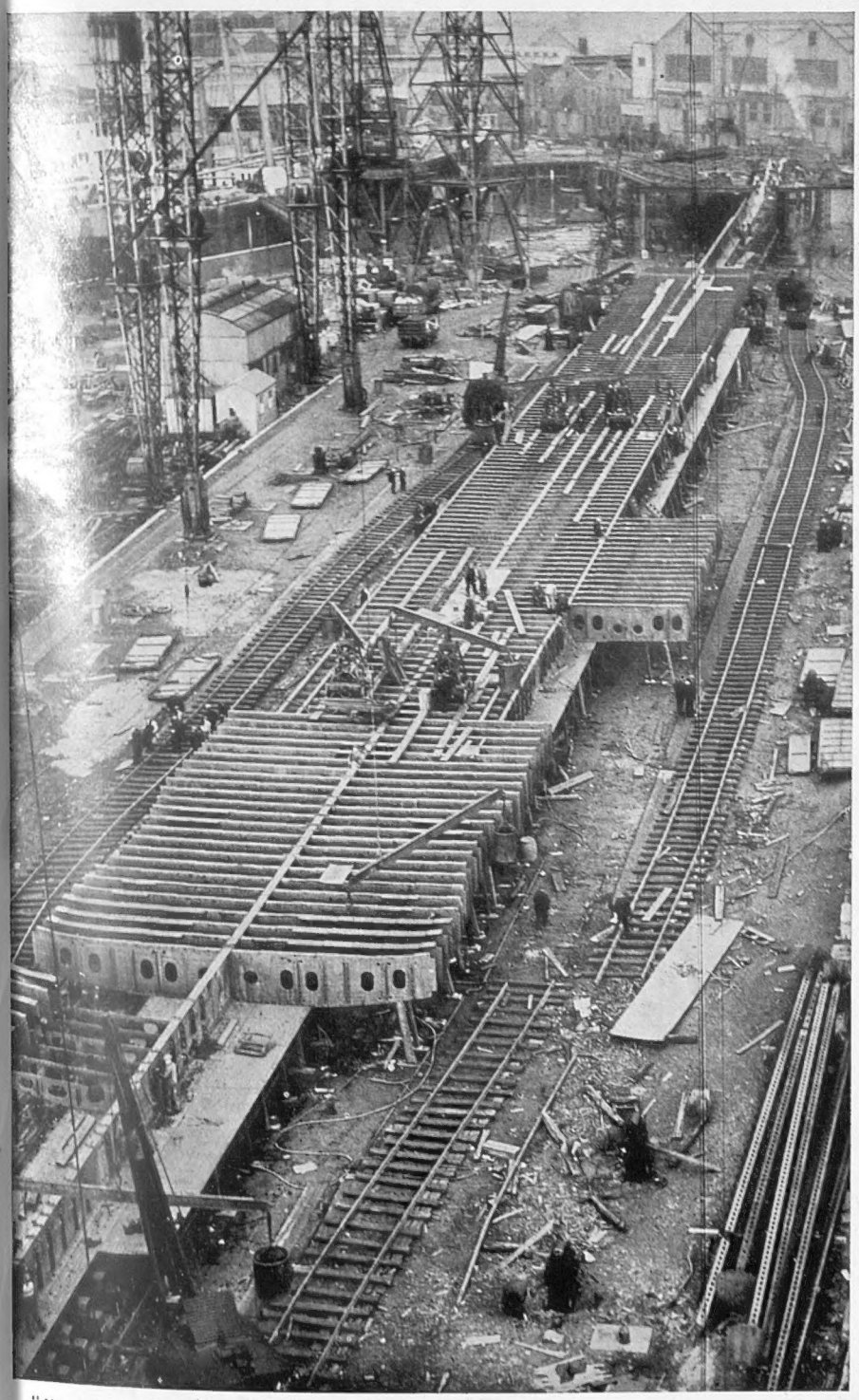
TWO QUEENS GO SHOPPING: The Queen-Mother (*top*) and Queen Elizabeth (*above*) pictured as they were about to re-enter their car after visiting an antique shop at Cambridge last Saturday. They remained in the town two hours and then drove to Exning, where they had lunch with Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, the widow of King George V's racing manager, later returning to Sandringham

SIR HUBERT GOUGH.

— There are certain advantages in being a Field-Marshal, besides those conferred in the way of honour and vindication. If Sir Hubert Gough had not been ungummed, he would have received a substantial money grant, giving an income of not less than £1,000 a year, and a peerage if he had so desired. It appears that the Premier did not dispute the truth of the vindication contained in Mr. Lloyd George's writings. At any rate, he did not dispute the clearing of Sir Hubert's name from blame for the events leading up to the March retreat, and, so far as I know, no blame was ever attached to him for his conduct of the retreat on his own front. What the Prime Minister did was to declare in the House that in his opinion the average Englishman would regard vindication as a sufficient reward in itself, without the addition of mere batons and boodle. If the average Englishman be as noble and unworldly as that, then indeed Britain is already a place for heroes to live in. But it is putting too high a standard on British character or even Irish. If Sir Hubert was unjustly blamed and ungummed, then he should be compensated more materially than by whitewash, for man cannot live by whitewash alone. Soldiers are entitled to receive, if they have deserved, the monetary and other rewards which it is our custom to pay them; and it were the negation of the honour of the highest rank in the British Army to turn up your nose at a baton. A baton in hand is worth twelve in a knapsack. Sir Ivor Maxse made some of these points in emphatic language when he pressed last week for such an honour to be bestowed on his old chief.



THE CAMERA INVADES MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: A picture being taken in one of the reception rooms of the Queen-Mother's residence where, by special permission, shots were made last week for the film *Our Royal Heritage*, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the King George V Memorial Fund



"No. 552" TAKES SHAPE: An aerial view showing construction in progress on the keel of the new Cunard White Star giant and sister ship of the *Queen Mary* in Messrs. John Brown's yard at Clydebank. Building is being pushed forward with all speed and is being so co-ordinated that specially organised emergency brigades are always on hand to render assistance if there is lagging in any section of the work. The new vessel will be slightly longer than the *Queen Mary* but it is possible that she will have only two funnels

NEWS PROPORTION AND VALUES.

—I was interested to note that *The Times* last week devoted a "leader" to a subject which I raised in the New Year "Newsletter." It hung its material on a peg driven in by Mr. F. W. Leggett of the Labour Ministry. He was speaking of the dissemination of industrial news. Broadcasting, he said, gives to news a "front page" position and the report of a minor strike or bit of local trouble may receive for a night the importance of an industrial crisis. B.B.C. news is of course garnered by the news agencies and by the B.B.C. arranged and graded, but it may well be that on a news-less day a trifle may play a star part in lonely isolation. The B.B.C. has no axe to grind and does its best to be unsensational and to retain a sense of proportion; but the very absence of material may produce the undesirable effect of magnifying a trifle. With certain press organs, the same effect is produced less innocently. It is an unpleasant fact in journalism. But the point for honest newspurveyors is well worth considering. It may well be that a blank newsbulletin would be better than a serving up of trifles on those rare days when "there is nothing of importance to report on any front."

WHEN THE HORSES ARE STOLEN.

—To the Minister of Health and the Commissioner of Police bright ideas came suddenly last week-end. The Minister of Health suddenly "viewed with concern" the fact that there is now no central control over the development of Greater London where one-fifth of the population of Britain lives. There was such a body but its existence depended on a subsidy from the L.C.C. of £1,500 per annum, and the L.C.C. cut it off. So the controlling body died and London grows as it pleases, uncontrolled, unplanned, with no authority studying the wen as a whole, but with hundreds of local authorities spattering on the area (which is called the capital of the world) their own vile, variegated, vicious, and virtuous expressions in brick and concrete of their local needs or aspirations. So London grows and ever has and ever will grow. It is England all over. The Commissioner of Police also (like Otto Beit) "screamed suddenly in the night." An idea visited his pillow. He "viewed with concern" the appalling increase in road deaths. It occurred to him that the police might, by organising a trained body of motor road patrols, try to bring to book dangerous and careless drivers on the road. My memory is bad, but somewhere it sticks in my mind that this great idea (like all great ideas) is not really new, and that somewhere in the columns of the Press, unknown, unhonoured, anonymous journalists suggested the same brilliant idea years ago and even hammered, hammered on at it until the empty echoes grew boring. Stands England where she did? She does. The naïvety with which Authority now announces the discoveries of these great truths makes them worthy of inclusion in the tell-tale column called "This England."

THE OLD STAGER

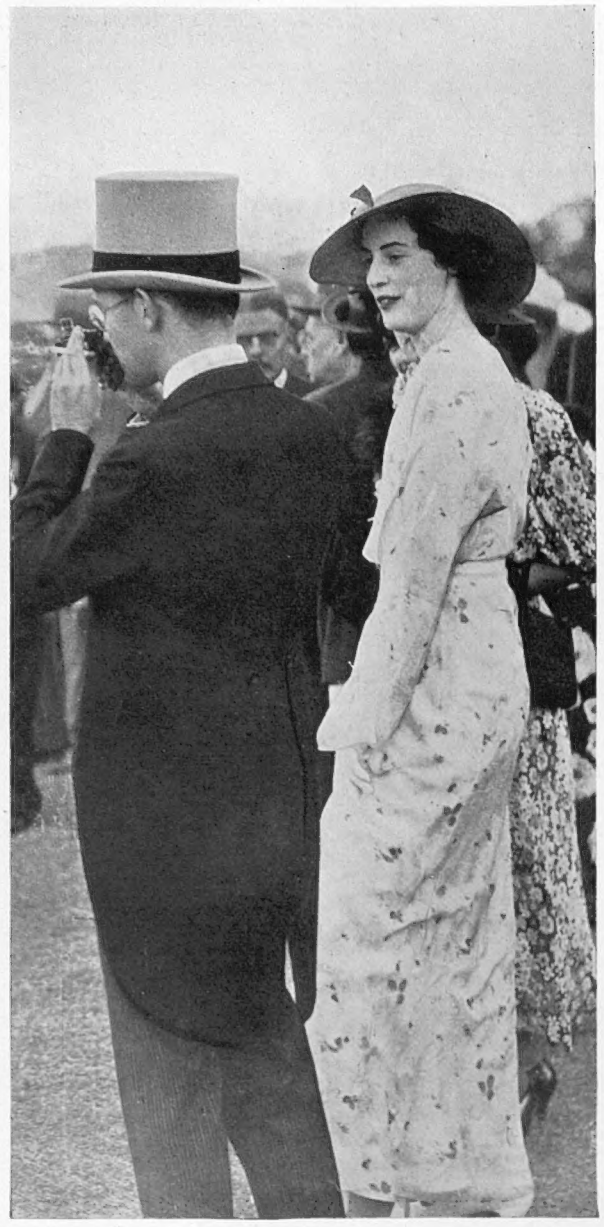
The Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton

Our attention has been called by Lady Preston, the widow of the late Sir Harry Preston, to a photograph of Mr. J. W. T. Pook and the caption thereto which appeared in our issue of January 9.

Lady Preston informs us that she is at present running the Royal Albion Hotel, that she does not know Mr. Pook, has never had any negotiations with him, and that it is incorrect to state that he is taking over control of the Royal Albion Hotel.

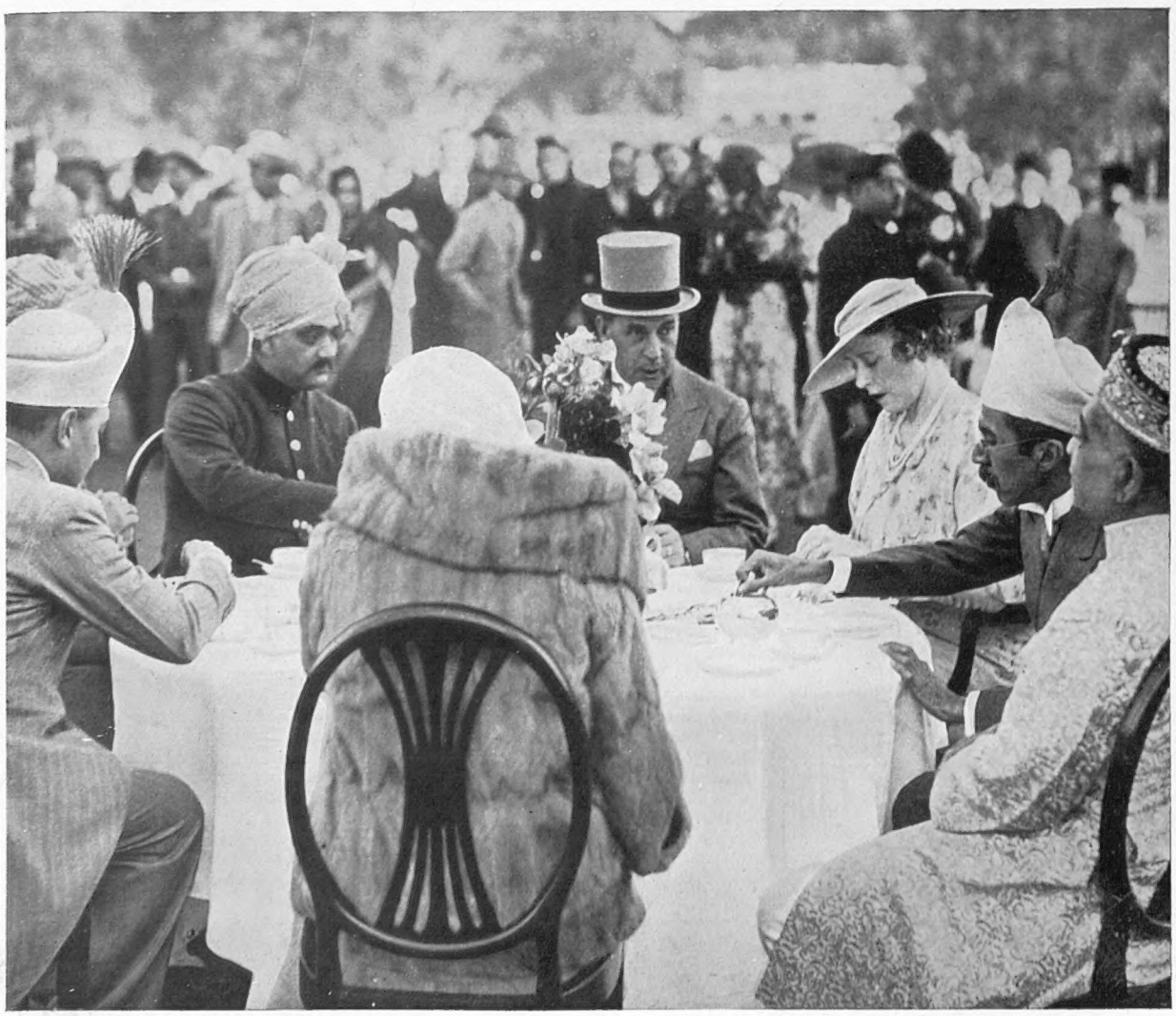
We are glad to correct our previous statement and we feel sure that Lady Preston's regular guests will be pleased to learn that no change in the management of the Royal Albion Hotel is contemplated, and that it will continue to be run by Lady Preston.

PASSING

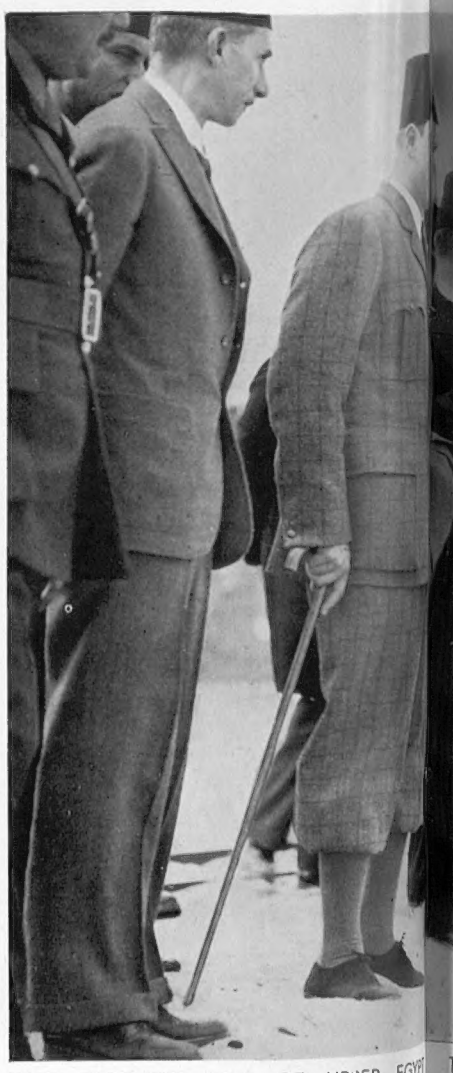


THE VICEROY ENTERTAINS: Colourful scenes were witnessed at the annual garden party given in the grounds of Belvedere House, Calcutta, by the Marquess of Linlithgow and attended by many notabilities. *Left*—Princess Niloufer of Hyderabad was a striking figure in a brown and gold sari. *Right*—Lady Anne Hope, eldest of the Viceroy's daughters

ROYAL HONEYMOONERS: Princess Jul... ski-ing slopes at Krynica, in the Carpathi... by Jan Kiepura. It was announced t...



THE VICEREINE TAKES TEA: Lady Linlithgow (*towards right*) seated between Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, and the Nizam of Hyderabad at the Calcutta Garden Party. Belvedere, where the event took place, was formerly the residence of the Lieut.-Governors of Bengal, but is now only used by the Viceroy on the occasions of his visits to Calcutta. It was near the west entrance to the grounds that Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis fought their famous duel

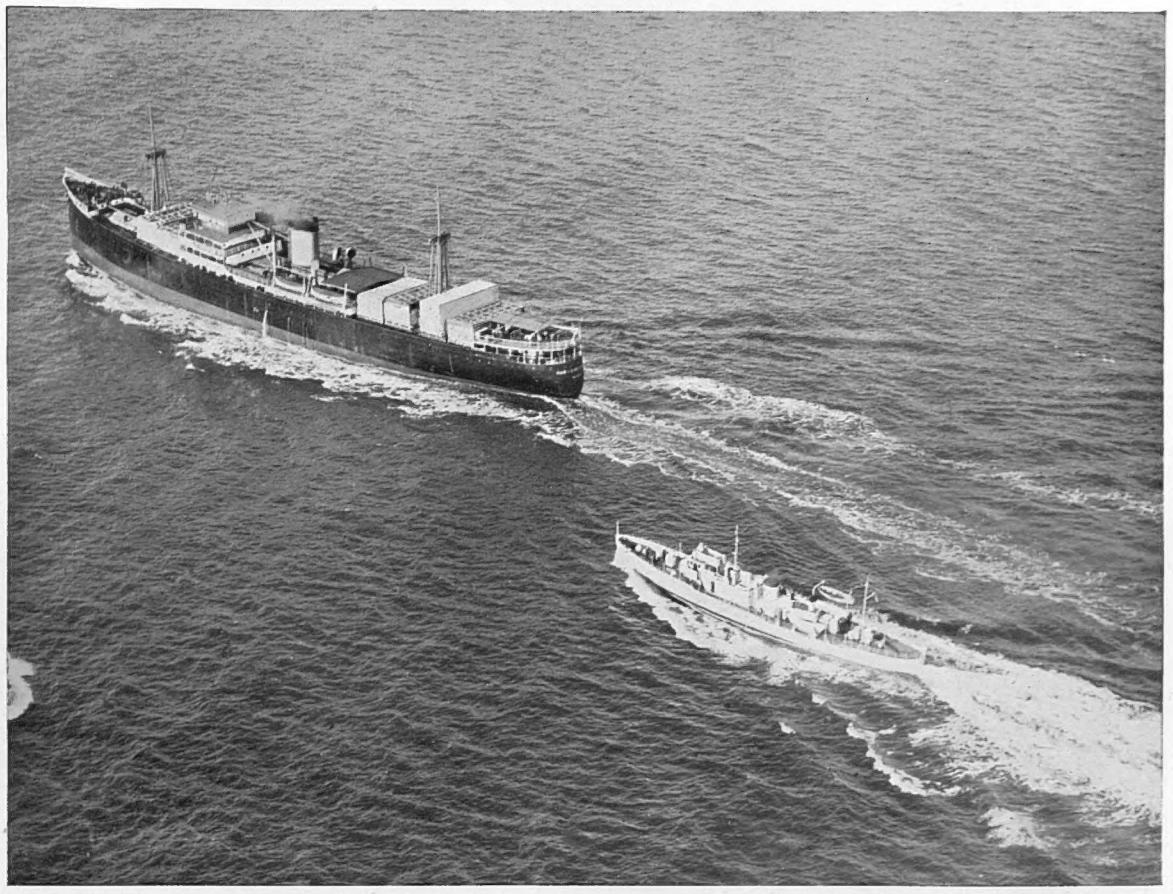


KING FAROUK'S TOUR OF UPPER EGYP... Maghagha during the early stages of h... This is the first time before or since ... and his progress up the river has bee...

PAGEANT

rince Bernhard of the Netherlands on the ... they have been staying at the hotel owned ... that the couple planned to go on to Innsbruck

The young ruler pictured on a shore excursion at voyage up the Nile on a month's visit of inspection. accession that his Majesty has been to the Provinces marked by scenes of intense popular enthusiasm



ARMS RACE! The Spanish freighter *Mar Cantabrico* loaded with aeroplanes and other war supplies for Spain, pictured as she slipped out of New York harbour in defiance of the Arms Export Embargo that had been passed by Congress. The coastguard cutter *Icarus*, which is seen pursuing the *Mar Cantabrico*, eventually brought her to a halt but, after frantic ship to shore radio messages had been exchanged, it was decided to allow her to proceed on her way

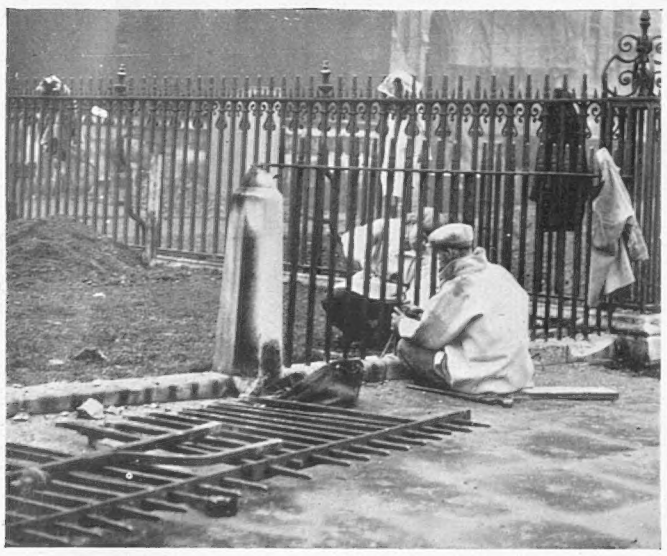
HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN IN ROME: General Göring, who arrived in the Italian capital on January 13, standing beside Signor Mussolini at a gymnastic display given by the Fascist youth organisations. During the course of his stay General Göring had a series of informal political discussions with the Duce at the Palazzo Venezia

A DIPLOMATIC EVENT IN CAIRO: Sir Miles Lampson (centre), formerly High Commissioner, seen at the entrance of the Abdin Palace, when he arrived to present his credentials on his appointment as first British Ambassador to Egypt, an occasion that provided further proof of the changed relations between Britain and Egypt since the latter achieved independent status with the signing of the Treaty last year. Sir Miles drove to the Palace in a State coach

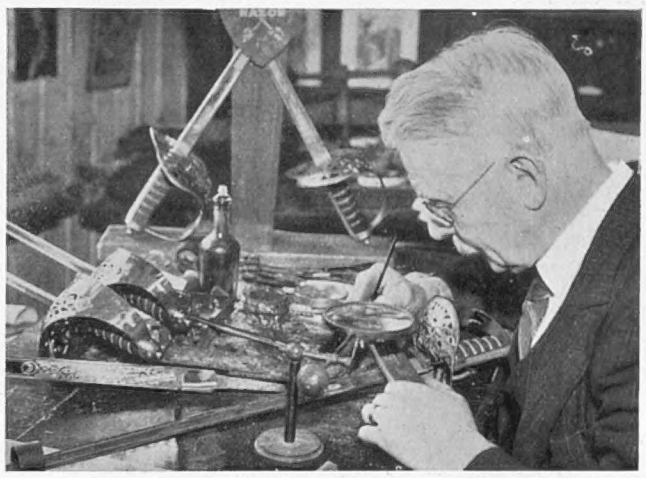
BRITA

A Period of Intense Activity in London and the Provinces with Westminster Abbey as the Focal Point

SHROUDED FROM PUBLIC GAZE: A glimpse over the hoardings of the work in progress at the west door of Westminster Abbey where, as in 1911, an annexe is to be erected. It will have two entrances, one for the King and one for the peers

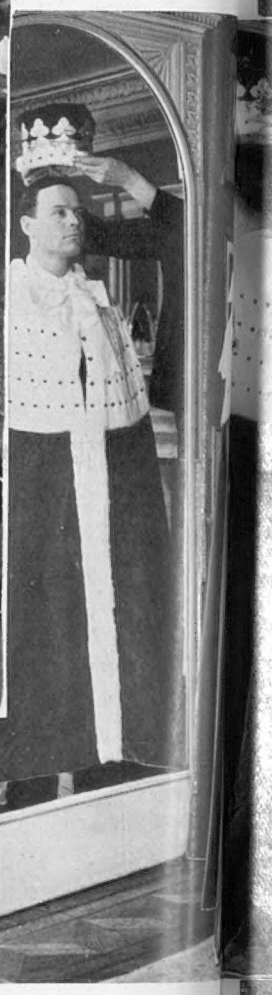


REMOVING THE RAILINGS IN BROAD SANCTUARY prior to erecting the hoardings round the west doorway of Westminster Abbey. The Abbey has been closed to services since the first week of January in order to allow of alterations proceeding unchecked



AN ART BORN OF CHIVALRY: Embossing a sword at the works of the Wilkinson Sword Company in Chiswick where many of these now purely decorative weapons are being prepared for officers, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other personages

APPURTENANCES OF THE BIG DAY: *Left*—A girl artist in a Manchester studio putting the finishing touches to a bas-relief of King George—one of many designs that will be multiplicated and will appear in the streets in May. *Centre*—Machining some of the 85,000 cushions ordered by the Office of Works to place in the stands that are being erected on the Coronation route. *Right*—Finished clay moulds of Their Majesties ready to be cast into thousands of papier maché replicas



DUCAL WEAR: Fitting a duke's mantle and coronet at a well-known firm of Court tailors in the West End where there is intense activity at the moment. The beautiful red and white robes of ermine and velvet being made for many of the peers and peeresses who will attend the Coronation. A duke's coronet consists of a circlet of gold surmounted by eight golden strawberry leaves and the mantle is the same as a baron's only with *four* rows of ermine adorning the cape

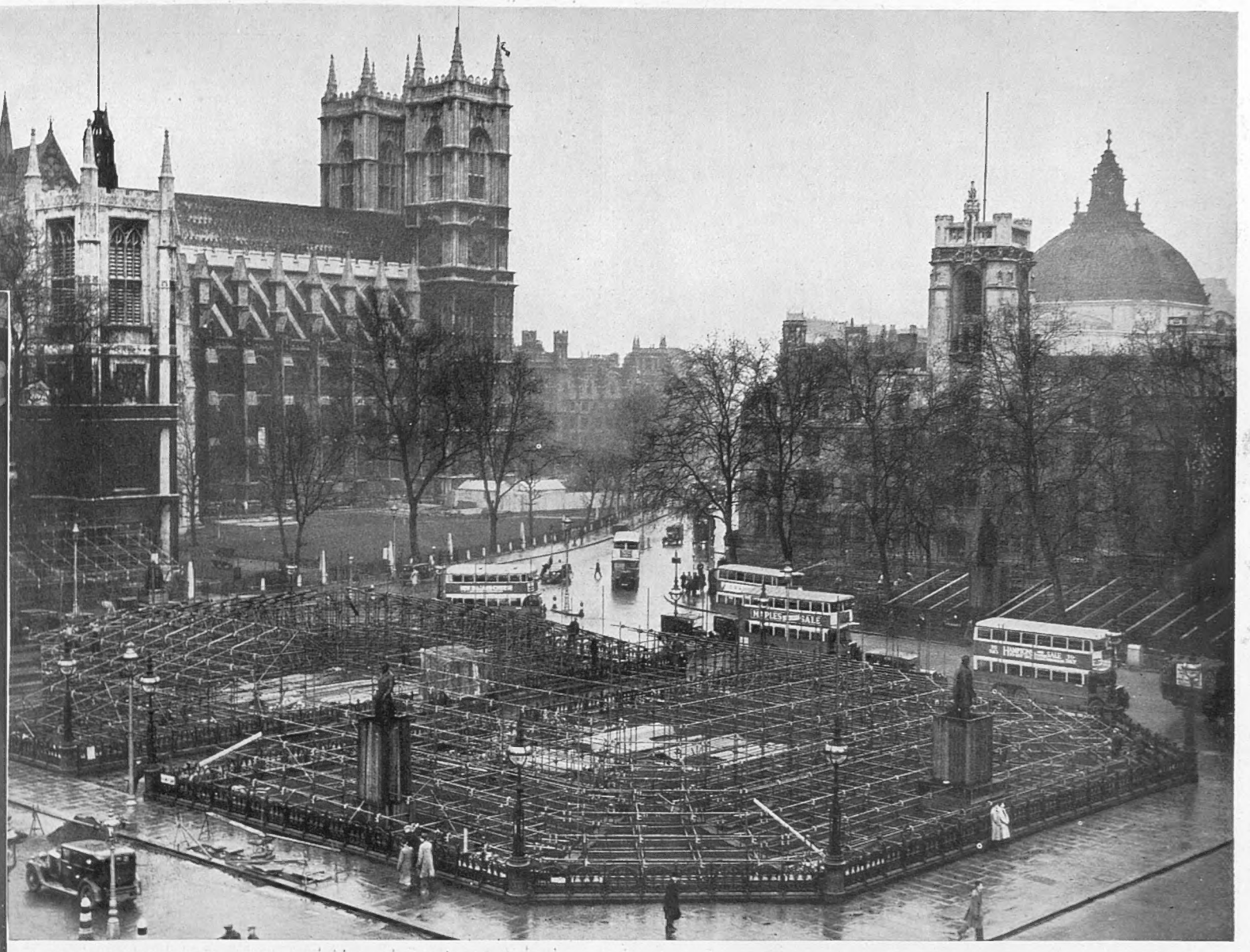
Though the Coronation is still over three months distant, preparations for it are going ahead with all speed, for there is yet an immense amount to be done before London appears bedecked and ready on the great day.

Everywhere there is visible evidence of activity. Stands are being erected in The Mall, in Parliament Square, and at other points on the processional route, and the hoardings in Broad Sanctuary give a hint of what is going on at Westminster Abbey.

Behind the scenes activity is equally intense. The Earl-Marshal's office is working long hours, while the Office of Works can fairly lay claim to be the busiest of all Government departments.

The most interesting item of news this week has been that the Queen-Mother intends to depart from precedent and attend the service in the Abbey. Her Majesty will probably occupy a special seat to the right of the High Altar, and Princess Elizabeth may sit beside her. If this is so she will be the first Queen-Mother in English history to see her son crowned.

IN PREPARES FOR THE CORONATION IN MAY



PARLIAMENT SQUARE—A SEA OF SCAFFOLDING: Stands in course of construction by the Office of Works which is providing seating accommodation for 85,000 people at various points on the Coronation processional route. The steelwork will later be timbered over and finally adorned with weatherproof cloth and appropriate devices, giving the whole square an air of gaiety and animation. The various statues will be completely boarded in

FROM WOODLAND TO CITY: Loads of newly felled timber on the way to a New Forest saw-mill, there to be sawn up into planks to fulfil the orders of contractors engaged in building stands for the processional route. Scots pine is the wood favoured for this kind of work

EQUINE ORDEAL: Young police horses, destined to be on duty during the Coronation, seen at Imber Court, as they were walked down a lane of men waving flags and bunting, thus accustoming them to the sights they would encounter on May 12

MEETING AN EMPIRE-WIDE DEMAND: Sticking transfers bearing the arms and effigies of the King and Queen on Coronation mugs produced at a pottery factory at Castleford. The same firm has turned out enormous numbers of now obsolete Edward VIII souvenirs

H.R.H. THE BABY: The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who was born on Christmas Day, seen as she was taken for an outing in the sunshine last Tuesday. Meanwhile her father was touring social centres in London

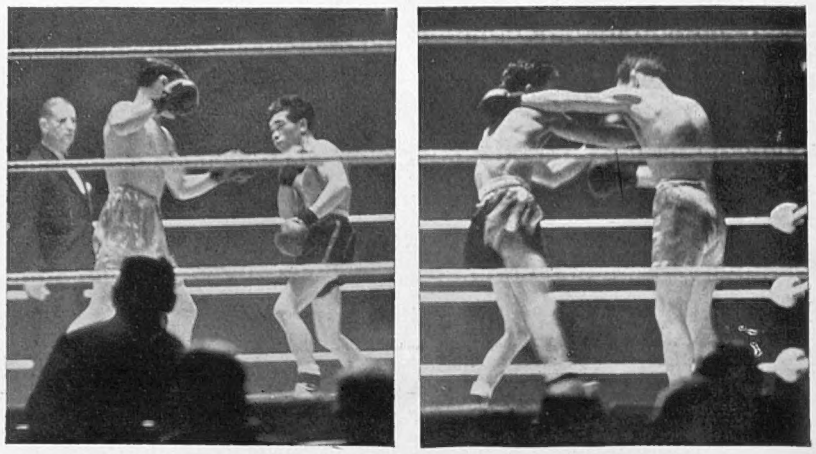
REMOVING PAINTINGS FROM THE TATE GALLERY for temporary accommodation in the National Gallery while the former building is closed for alterations in connection with the completion of the sculpture hall presented by Lord Duveen

NO NECKWEAR FOR HIM: Mu Sui, one of the giraffe-necked women of Burma who have been appearing at Olympia, pictured in hospital with her newly born son. As the child is a male he will not have to wear the spiral rings that are such a curious adornment of the women

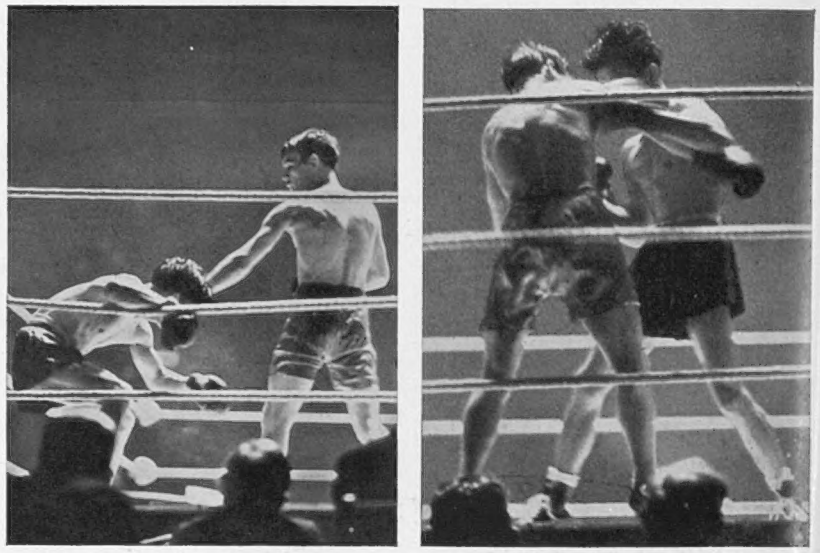
THE TRANSPORT MINISTER VISITS "DEATHWAY," the grim name that has been given to Westway, Shepherd's Bush, where last year three children were killed and twenty injured. Mr. Hore-Belisha in conversation with Mrs. Hensman who represents the mothers on the protest committee

WEMBLEY'S GREAT NIGHT

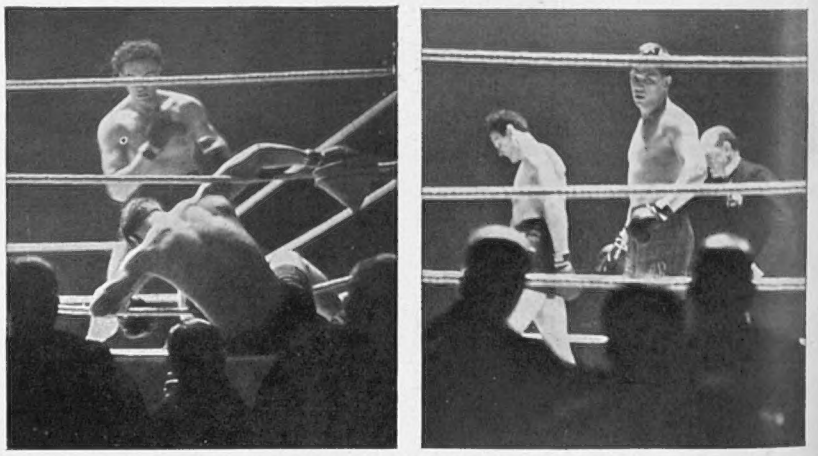
Lynch Beats Montana in a Whirlwind Bout for the World Fly-weight Title—Doyle Disqualified after a Punishing First Round



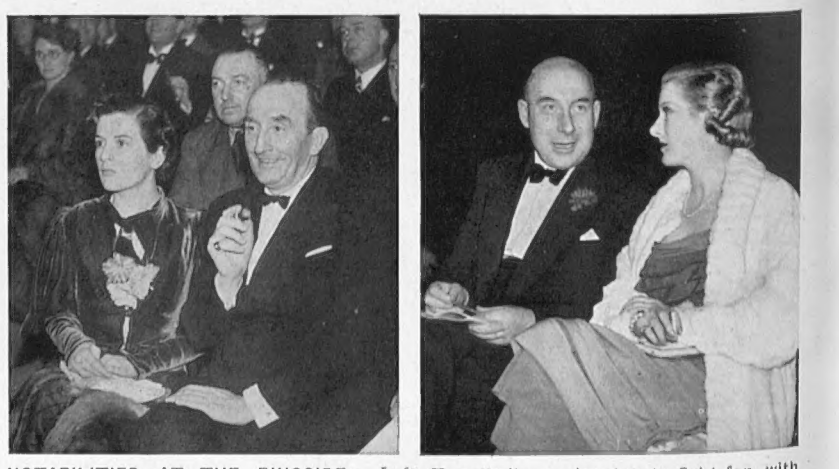
TOE TO TOE IN THE FIRST ROUNDS OF AN EPIC STRUGGLE: Two incidents in last Tuesday's dramatic fight at Wembley for the fly-weight championship of the world, when Benny Lynch, (light shorts) of Great Britain, defeated the Filipino Small Montana, of America, in a bout of 15 rounds that provided a succession of thrills from the first to the last bell. Montana, instead of evading his hard-hitting opponent as he was expected to do, stood up to him in the early stages, exchanging blow for blow. At this period he was slightly ahead on points



BATTLE ROYAL: Lynch sending Montana to the ropes with a straight left, a blow he used with enormous effect at different stages of the fight. Hard as he hit, though, he was unable to get his tough little opponent into real trouble. *Right*—In-fighting in the centre of the ring. Throughout the contest Lynch did most of the attacking, but it was only his grandstand finish that made certain of the verdict. It was one of the best championship bouts seen in this country for years



FIASCO: The subsidiary fight between A. Robinson, a stocky fighter from Lancashire, and the magnetic if seldom entirely satisfactory Jack Doyle, ended in a disqualification, Robinson being given the verdict after his opponent had delivered a foul blow in the first round, hitting him when he was sitting helpless on the bottom rope with one glove just touching the floor. *Left*—A picture taken a second after the blow was delivered and Robinson had collapsed to the boards. *Right*—Doyle returning disconsolate to his corner, his hopes dashed



NOTABILITIES AT THE RINGSIDE: *Left*—Tom Walls, an inveterate fight fan, with Mrs. Gardner Davies. *Right*—Mr. Elvin, the promoter, with Mrs. Tom Webster

MARCH OF THE "BLACK PENITENTS": Hooded figures emerging from the cathedral of Villefranche-de-Rouergue before processing through the streets carrying emblems of the Crucifixion. An old religious ceremony held in this town of south-western France on the same day as the inauguration of a new peal of bells

TWELFTH-NIGHT CEREMONIAL IN BELGRADE: Thirteen-year-old King Peter II of Yugoslavia pictured as, in accordance with royal tradition, he stood at the palace entrance to throw corn over the bearers bringing in a newly-hewn Christmas tree

PREPARING FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION: A view, taken from the Eiffel Tower, of the Belgian Pavilion in course of construction in readiness for the great Art in Industry display which is to be held throughout the late spring, summer, and autumn of this year on a site beside the banks of the Seine. The main intention of the exhibition is to demonstrate contemporary industrial and scientific progress

HAPPENINGS *in* EUROPE NOW

ZANZIBAR CELEBRATES

The Silver Jubilee of His Highness the Sultan

HONOURED BY KING GEORGE: From December 28 to December 30 the Sultan of Zanzibar Sir Khalifa bin Harub, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his reign which began in 1911 when he succeeded on the abdication of his brother-in-law, Ali bin Hamoud bin Mahomed. One of the outstanding events in the three days of elaborate ceremonial was the State Baraza, depicted on left, at which His Highness was presented with the insignia of the G.C.M.G. *Right*—A striking portrait of the Sultan who is now in his fifty-eighth year

TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS: The Sultan of Zanzibar waving an acknowledgment to the cheers as he drove round the island acclaimed by many thousands of his subjects. Seated next to him in the car is Sir Richard Rankine, K.C.M.G., who has been the British Resident since 1929 and is in charge of the entire administration of Zanzibar Protectorate

LOYAL DELEGATION: A procession of Manga Arabs on its way to the palace to offer congratulations to the Sultan on his twenty-five years reign. The Arabs were the original conquerors of Zanzibar and many of them possess considerable property in plantations, employing the Swahili or native population with whom they are for the most part on good terms. It was the Arabs who founded the very considerable clove industry

A BORDERLAND STRONGHOLD: The mighty castle of Salces which was built by Charles V and lies near Perpignan, where the volunteers for the Spanish war are assembling

THE MAGIC TUNNEL OF CERBÈRE

Separating a World at Peace from a World at War —"the Worst Fratricidal Inferno of Our Time." A Visit to the Franco-Spanish Frontier Described

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TARASCON is a noteworthy rail junction below Avignon, where the main line from Bordeaux and Toulouse meets that for Marseilles and Lyons. Otherwise Tarascon is known for Daudet having made it Tartarin's native town, and for its expert *tauromachie* or men versus small bulls, and no kill or blood, chiefly spirited chasing on both sides with much grace, skill, mirth, and betting.

But now Tarascon was invested with a new and less frivolous local attribute. Bearing south, if one branched to the left, four hours could see one at Cannes in an exceptionally sunny Riviera winter. If one branched to the right, four hours could see one at the Spanish frontier,

I timed things so as to catch at Narbonne the *rapide* that passes through there around 11 a.m., for this is the now famous train that leaves Paris each night at 10 p.m. with the day's recruits for the International Column. It appears it is known as "the Red Train" but this one found to be hostile journalese; structurally, at all events. Out of ten coaches, only the top one was reserved for the Spanish Government volunteers (or mercenaries, as you will). And the guard advised that never more than two coaches were so reserved, the maximum day's yield having been about 140 men. But when you talked with your fellow passengers who had travelled from Paris it was to discover rather more substantiation for the "red" label affixed to rapide 77.

"We left the Gare d'Orsay to a forest of upraised fists on the platform and to a deafening 'Internationale' and bellowings in half-a-dozen languages from our forward coach. About a third are French, the balance from England, Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, Italy . . . . *Dieu ne sait encore!* They were still singing and shouting and gulping down wine at Orleans where they invaded the platforms and fraternised with the personnel, but after that it gets late, and though Limoges was similarly propaganded most of the train sleeps till near Toulouse. It is from Toulouse on that we became really 'red.' At every wayside station we dashed through, in the fields and villages, at the one or two towns where we halted—there were the upraised fists without end, of men, women, and children, and railway personnel. It was a triumphal way for our first coach and how it responded. You see, Monsieur, this countryside is very Left indeed. . . ."

"Say, rather, Catalan." (There was small need to explain Roussillon to someone who once had passed the bulk of two winters at Port Vendres.)

Rivesaltes. Joffre's home town. Some bigwigs are boarding the forward coach which is strictly forbidden to any other passengers on the train who might meet a rough house, as "dirty bourgeois." The ticket-collector happens to be passing and I inquire who are the bigwigs,

"The Perpignan Committee. Each volunteer is handed his Spanish name. If not, it would be a confusion impossible."

At Perpignan, I passed out in the midst of the volunteers for whom were waiting several red coaches. The men, nearly all under thirty, gave up their pink rail passes as they filed out: some with rucksacks, some with suit-cases, some in cap or béret, others bare-headed, some all ready sartorially in leather jacket, breeches, and leggings, others in ordinary town attire. It did not matter what one's politics might be. These men were brave, physically and spiritually. None knew better than they that the *Front Populaire* could give them but the scantiest nursing should they be wounded.

Most of this Pyrenean countryside I had tramped in the dim and distant 'twenties. At lunch, the map formed completely in the mind's eye. There were four entries into Spain that I could head for. Bourg Madame, 6,000 ft. up in the snow. Too long getting there and back. Prats du Mollo, where once Colonel Macia tried vainly to get through from exile and raise the standard of revolt in Barcelona. Prats was too small and a dead end except for mule paths. The Col de Perthus. And Cerbère on the coast. The last I was bound for anyway. But the Col is the high road to Catalonia, a mere pimple of a pass, moreover, and only an hour from Perpignan. "There is some sort of vehicle going off almost every ten minutes," said the waiter. "Down by the Loge."

At 3 p.m. we pulled up at the Hotel Taulère, Le Perthus. Just along there, on the right-hand side of the long and only

THE REGION OF THE MAGIC TUNNEL: A sketch map showing the positions of Perpignan and Cerbère referred to by Mr. Tuohy in his article. Hundreds of refugees and volunteers pass this way each week

street was Spain. You could cross the road from peace to war, from western democracy to the new-found Anarchist rule. Four years ago, in my small car, I had gone through here after a few minutes' "control." But what about going any farther now? "As a Britannic," pronounced the hotelier, "you will be quite safe, only they may detain you some time. If you intend crossing, then better take someone from this side with you and go to the Ruiz posada. And of course you must have your passport done both going and returning."

That was that. I preferred to stroll as far as the Garde Mobile frontier post and have a quiz at the red militia. Young and defiant they stood, rifles slung over leather coatings, breeches and puttees well muddied, since at this low altitude it is mud not snow. Could these youths officially roam the mountainside by night potting at all who did not stop and summarily executing such as were adjudged enemies of the regime? Yes they could. Tales of the frontier! One listened to them for an hour on returning to the Taulère, as the traffic hardly ceased to pass in both directions: mostly stores being lorried south and empty lorries returning, punctuated by occasional refugees permitted out of Catalonia, refugees who loyally refused to say a word against the country they had left.

What one lot did say sufficiently loud to be overheard was that the Government defenders were as ruthless towards their own militia as to their adversaries. It was death for extracting money from civilians, death for rape, death for this, death for that, death especially for one leader who reported a successful challenger for some girl or other as having uttered pro-Fascist sentiments. At the last moment the girl was told why her lover was being shot and burst passionately out with the truth that his senior had been pestering her interminably and had threatened to remove his obstructor. But it is high time to return down to Perpignan.

There were over 20,000 Spaniards resident in Perpignan in my time, nine-tenths Catalans. There still are. I intended heading after dinner for *La Maison Catalane* that used to exist in Perpignan's celebrated avenue of huge oak trees, the rambla of the town. Again my waiter was useful. "The Centro Español is now situated in the big installation in the rue de la Poste." The big installation! How well that was remembered, too. An enormous affair comprising a theatre, lecture hall, "dancing," and brasserie.

For a short while I listened to a couple of thousand mostly young people being harangued, but it was Catalan and napoo for me. Everyone bought tragic propaganda postcards of the civil war from attractive vendors, the profits going to relief work, while at the entry was a booth where anti-Fascist membership cards were doled out against a small subscription. These cards entitled the recipients to be called up for service when room—that is, funds, weapons, and food—could be found for them across the Pyrenees. (Remember, I am referring to young Catalans almost exclusively.) As I left there was a queue of a score awaiting their cards. What I retain is the calm and dignified composure of this youthful company of both sexes, all of them sporting some badge or other. The keynote of the address, it was explained to me in the brasserie, hammered in that Catalonia was in no way for Stalin dictatorship, but for a totally different and new solution based on the rights of the individual only under corporate conditions of mutual aid.

Well, maybe so, yet what of those monster figures of Stalin and Lenin decorating among other places a freak frontage of the Hotel Colon, Plaza Cataluña, Barcelona? But we are not going to have any politics here. Rather, onwards on the ultimate stretch to the vital rail frontier, Cerbère Port, resting on the Mediterranean.

Taking an early train, I got out at Collioure, beloved of painters, and then walked for three hours along a coastline as familiar as it remained lovely, past Port Vendres and on as far as Banyule of dessert-wine fame, where a train of the little quick-ness was to oblige for the last five miles to Cerbère. Looks along the way, once so friendly, had been frankly hostile. One or two gentlemen loafing against walls spat with eloquence as I passed. In three places of refreshment, conversation closed like a trap at my entry. Why seek to explain anything? After all I was a bourgeois and they wouldn't have believed a word

I do not know what it is like over at Hendaye—one hears that the frontier is mostly held closed by Franco's Nationalists—but a unique life has sprung up round the international station at Cerbère. And the time to witness it in full flower is around 2 p.m. when the expresses coming from Barcelona and proceeding thither cross one another and are stationary at adjacent platforms for quite a while. The one train has just come through a tunnel 400 yds. in length, a matter of a minute, and the

(*Continued on page* 142)

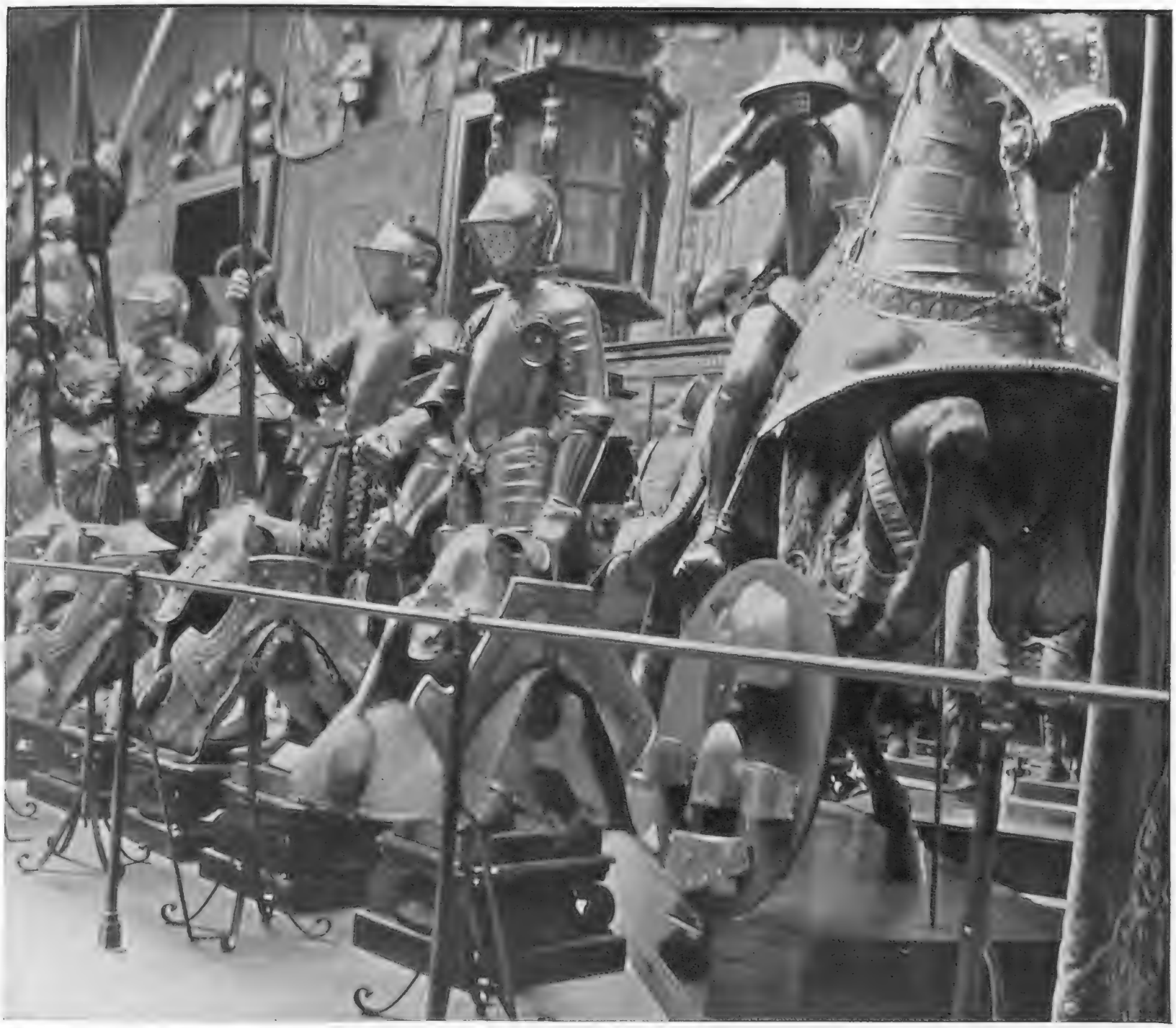
COLLIERS OF THE PYRENEAN FOOTHILLS: These men are operating a small mine on the Spanish side of the frontier, helping to produce some of the coal now so urgently needed in Madrid. The great mines of the Asturias are in rebel hands

MADRID'S ART TREASURES

Their Safety from Rebel Bombs and Shells Still in Doubt

BATTLE-SCARRED OVIEDO

A City of the Asturias with a Long and Unhappy Record



GEMS OF THE PALACIO REAL: Part of the magnificent collection of armour, including accoutrements worn by Don John's followers at Lepanto, on view in one of the galleries of the Royal Palace in Madrid. Art-lovers the world over are vitally concerned over the fate of these and other treasures in the capital, as in most cases it is not known what steps have been taken to ensure their safety from bombing. The fate of the Duke of Alba's collection of pictures was at least a warning that strong rooms in vaults are not sufficient protection. Various reports have been circulated regarding the Velasquez paintings in the Prado, some saying they have been removed to France, and others saying they are now in Russia. It is quite possible though that they are still in Madrid packed away in cellars

A NORTHERN STORM CENTRE OF CONFLICT: Scenes in the desolated streets of Oviedo, the great mining city of the Asturias, where fierce fighting has continued almost without cessation ever since the start of the civil war last July. In October, when they successfully stormed the heights on which it stands and slaughtered over 4,000 defenders, Oviedo passed into the possession of the rebels, but they have found it intensely difficult to hold and have been subjected to daily air and artillery bombardments. The city has had a chequered history. In 1809 it was sacked by Ney, and in 1934, when the tide of red revolt swept through Spain, Socialists and extremists rising against the regime, several of its famous buildings suffered in the insensate strife

WHILE THE AIR ARMADAS BATTLE far above them these youths sleep on undisturbed on a station platform in the tube system. In the days before the evacuation of the bulk of the civil population there was immense congestion as people struggled to reach these underground retreats after the air raid warning had been given

BELEAGUERED MADRID

Red Spain from the Pyrenees to Malaga

By ROY ELSTON

A SLOW train takes one southward through Catalonia ; and the farther southward the more arid and bitter-looking this cinnamon-coloured country becomes. Fertility, riches, all the fruits of the earth, are banked up on the other side of the Pyrenees. It is no wonder the Catalans are a rough, uncouth people ; no wonder their province is the classic province of revolt. Their whole existence is a fierce contest to force a meal from the arid ground. It has made them tough. It has made them cruel and pitiless, trusting no one but a Catalan and least of all the soft-tongued caballeros of Castile. They are born anarchists. So much so that I cannot imagine their turning into good little Communists or tolerating Russians any more than they have tolerated Castilian, Frenchman, or Roman in the past.

Rose-red, angular towns rising up out of the rose-red earth, crested with open-work bell-towers ; donkeys and flocks of gobbling turkeys along the roads ; pale, dust-powdered cultivation, shimmering hills in the distance, with block-houses on the top; arcs of blue sea; and then, through vineyards and factories comes Barcelona.

I have often heard it said that Barcelona is the finest city in Spain. Perhaps it is, to-day ; but a year ago Madrid was a much finer city, more up-to-date, architecturally more distinguished, culturally more catholic. Barcelona has always been richer, not only because of its harbour and other natural resources, but because of its tough, industrious, and shrewd inhabitants. Barcelona has always despised Madrid. The rest of Spain to the Catalan is a foreign country, poverty-stricken and weak ; and for all practical purposes the Catalan claim is just. Franco may hold the larger part of Spain geographically : the richest part is still in the hands of the Government.

Three things I like about Barcelona : the skill of the waiters pouring milk and coffee simultaneously into your cup from a distance of several feet ; the lamp-posts of the Plaza de Cataluña ; and the Ramblas which used to be one of the jolliest thoroughfares in the world. Crowds of people, infinite crowds ; jostling, bumping, swirling like logs in a torrent ; blood-curdling shrieks, hoarse yells, plaintive cries, from newsboys, pedlers, and beggars.

The country gets richer as you pass southward to Tarragona. And it gets more Spanish, although true Spain is not reached until you cross the Ebro at Moorish Tortosa.

In the train a Catalonian, offering me a piece of Murcian sausage spiced with paprika, said : "This is the country that has fed and clothed Spain for centuries. Spain cannot do without us. But we can do without Spain." He was right. Spain cannot do without Catalonia. If Franco succeeds in the rest of the Peninsula he must still take Catalonia. He will need it. All Spain will need it.

Over the hills, beyond Villanueva (there is, or was, a rare El Greco here, which I have never seen catalogued), the stern landscape vanishes in the rich, green plain of Tarragona. Here, hugged by dark hills and lapped by the sea, are olives,

PRELUDE TO EVACUATION: A sad little group of women and children pictured in a street as they prepared to set out for the open country. In the middle distance a man is loading up a hand cart with the few belongings he hoped to take with him on his journey. The bulk of his household effects he had perforce to leave behind, hoping against hope that they would not fall into the hands of the enemy

SCENES IN THE SPANISH CAPITAL AFTER SIX MONTHS OF CIVIL WAR IN THE PENINSULA

SALVAGE: Furniture and other effects piled in a suburban street after being hastily removed from a house that had been hit by an incendiary bomb. The owners then had to face the problem of what to do with their property

almonds, mulberries, vineyards, and cornfields, from which emerges, at the sea-end, the stately citadel of Tarragona. It is one of the noblest and most impressively situated cities of Spain, a very Gibraltar of a city, cleaving the air like the prow of some huge, amber ship.

One of the classic strongholds of Spain: to-day, as in the days of the Scipios, a *plaza de armas*. The reds may feel themselves secure in Tarragona. I suppose they are. There is not much the insurgents could do against this natural fortress with the sea in front, a rich granary at its base, and behind it, ridge upon ridge of obstructing hills. But the heart of Tarragona cannot be red. Its imperial and ecclesiastical traditions are too strong. Since the days of the Phoenicians it has been one of the great garrisons of Spain. Since the days of Ferdinand it has shared the primacy of Christian Spain with Toledo. I hear that the reds have murdered the old Archbishop of Tarragona. I once saw his hand raised in blessing from the steps of his magnificent Gothic Cathedral, which is the head-piece to Tarragona.

South from Tarragona you soon feel that you are approaching the essential Spain. Already the Moorish aspect becomes conspicuous. Tortosa, rising geometrically from both banks of the Ebro, is African in its fertile valley stuffed with rice, maize and beans and irrigated by means of primitive appliances exactly like the *shadufs* of the Nile Valley; African in the cubes of pink stone, piled one upon the other, which form the houses of Tortosa; African in the hollowed-out booths, open to the street, where, among the shadows, sit carpenters, iron-beaters, oil-millers with Ali-Baba jars, harness-makers with all the panoply beloved of Spanish and Moorish muleteers; makers of sweetmeats, and merchants with coloured stuffs for sale.

Tortosa is another strong fortress. It lies in the deep ravine of a rocky formation rising from a verdant plain. The ravine is closed in at the base by the broad stream of the Ebro, and is prolonged in height by a massive and intricate system of fortifications. The narrow, canyon-like streets are dark and gloomy. There is no hint of the magnificent site until you climb to the walls, which are as big as the town itself and could, on their summit, support several regiments.

The way to Valencia lies close to the coast. We are in Spain proper now, the Spain of alternating wealth and poverty: now emerald-green with corn and golden with fruit; or hot, arid, glaring, God-forsaken.

"It is like our character," said a Spaniard, "rich and generous one moment, cruel and indifferent the next. That's why we can slit the throat of an enemy without blinking an eyelid, and then, with a full and genuine heart, say a mass for the repose of his soul."

Oranges begin to dominate the cultivated parts as we proceed Valencia-wards. The soft, warm wind brings the odours of oranges to the nostrils.

All the way along this coast, as far south as Malaga and as far north as Tarragona, the great purple hills at intervals recede to give place to regions

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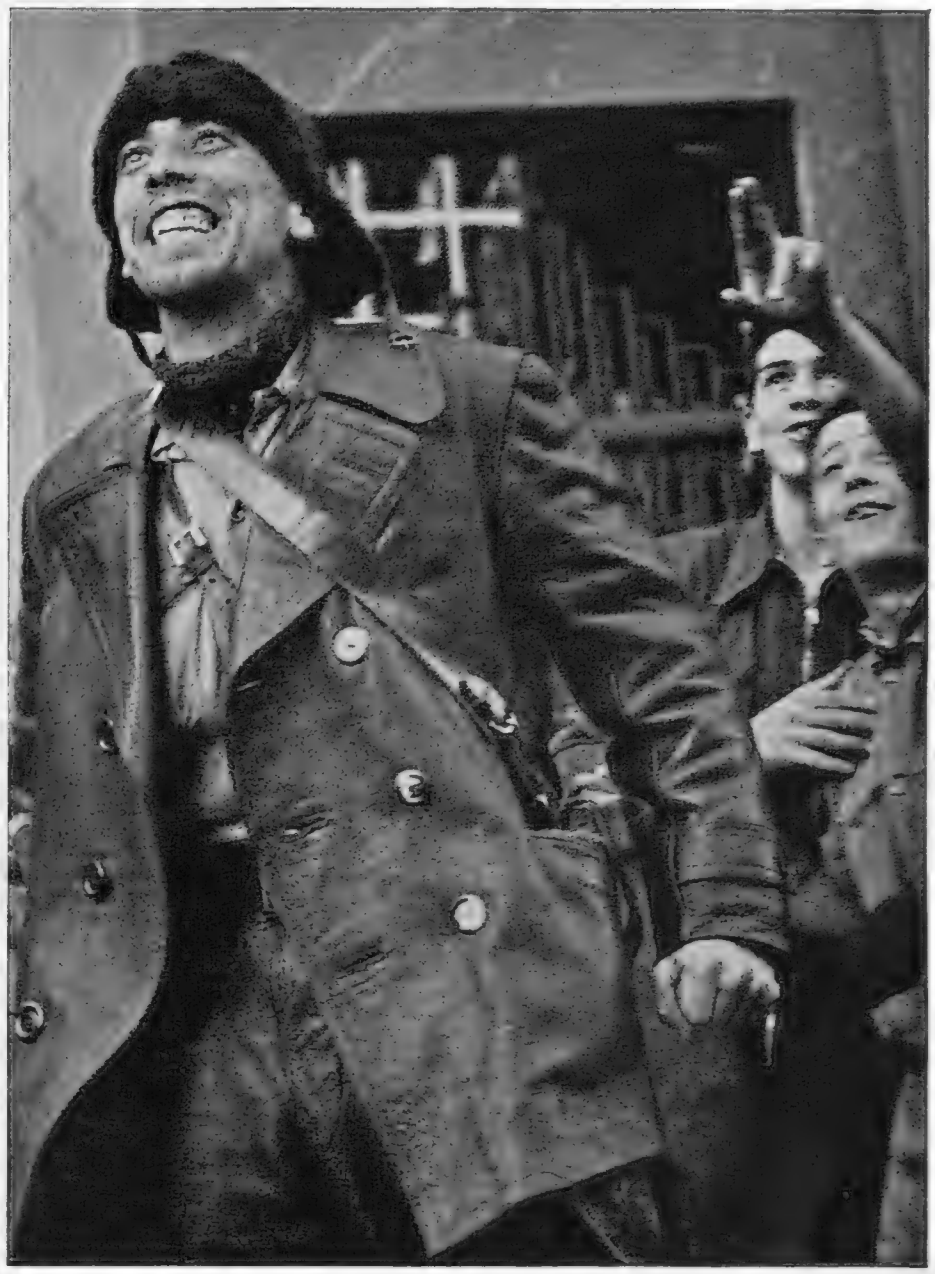


WAR IN THE SKIES: A Madrid volunteer, his fists clenched and his eyes alight with excitement, looks on as government and rebel planes fight an aerial battle—a daily occurrence above the streets of the city. During the past two months the government side has greatly increased its strength in the air and its Russian-built fighters have successfully warded off many a raid

A CALL TO THE WORKERS: This immense hoarding covering the entire façade of a block of buildings in a Madrid square points out to citizens that there are two ways of winning the war: (1) By fighting with courage at the front. (2) By working incessantly behind the lines. The poster was issued jointly by the C.N.T. (the great Syndicalist organisation known as the National Federation of Labour) and the F.A.I. (the International Federation of Anarchists)

Red Spain from the Pyrenees to Malaga

(Continued from page 125)

of almost tropical luxuriance: corn, rice, grapes, oranges, mulberries, dates, grow in these *huertas* as if by magic. They are the treasuries of Spain. They can feed the whole country and leave enough over for a valuable export trade. Valencia and Catalonia are probably the two richest sections of Spain, the one rich in industry, the other in agriculture; and while both belong to red Spain, red Spain is far from beaten.

What is more, the whole of the Mediterranean littoral is protected from landward movements of the enemy by a series of mountain ranges thrusting up against the Castilian plateaux, broken and seamed by gorge and cliff. If the enemy can get down from the mountains to the sea, it will deserve, from a military point of view, the fruitful plunder of these plains. One wonders if the attack will come from the sea. Barcelona, Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, and Almeria—all are vulnerable from the sea; and if it comes to the pinch I suppose Franco can get ships from the same Universal Providers from whom he gets aeroplanes. Last week the attack on Malaga, however, showed that such operations are inclined to be costly both in terms of men and money and, now that the Government is so well equipped with powerful bombing planes, are more than ever hazardous.

The nearer you approach Valencia the more enchanted it seems. The azuelo domes are a deeper blue than from the distant hills by Sagunto (Sagunto!—one more example of that futile heroism that has characterised Spanish history in every age); and the rose-coloured towers soar higher, with St. Michael's baroque crest overtopping them all. On the dusty road through the *huerta*, above which, according to old Moorish belief, Paradise is suspended, were sandalled peasants: *gitanas* richly bejewelled and kerchiefed; flocks of black goats with skins gleaming like ebony in the hot sun.

The peasants of the *huerta* live in white cottages called *barracas*. They are flimsy structures with a high-pitched, sloping roof of straw thatch. There are

A GEM OF THE TRANSITION STYLE: The entrance of Tarragona Cathedral, a magnificent building which stands on the site once occupied by a mosque and before that by a Roman temple. The Archbishop of Tarragona, one of the primates of Spain, was murdered a short while ago by Government supporters

usually three or four cool, spacious rooms, and a kind of loft, and as few windows as possible in order to keep out the hot light. They look something like the Provençal *mas*. The outside walls are usually covered with pods of the carob-tree, which is the staple diet of both peasant and beast; and golden maize-cobs hang drying in the sun. The peasant is clean, hard-working, frugal, and as jolly as a child, welcoming every opportunity to dance his favourite *rondalla* to the music of a Moorish instrument called the dulzayna. He used to be deeply religious. Is he any less so under the Communistic, Anarchistic, Syndicalistic rulers of to-day?

The streets of Valencia are narrow, except in the new quarters, and the pavements scarcely wide enough for two people to walk abreast. From these narrow streets rise high, flat-roofed houses, which effectually shut out the light and warmth and give to the older parts an air of gloom. Murder has been done in these streets, which seem devised for that purpose; and so many were the assassinations at one time that a special night-watch was introduced, modelled on that of London. It is said to have been responsible for the disappearance of the cloaked conspirators from the dark, mysterious *calles*. But don't you believe it. They are still there.

There is not much architectural distinction about Valencia. Streets pocked with the cavities of petty merchants lend to the city a romantic, Moorish air; bright window awnings, flowery patios, the blue tiles of dome and roof-top, give it colour; here and there a pink tower rises serenely; and here and there are jolly bursts of Baroque. From the tops of the houses come the incessant fluttering and cooing of pigeons. The people of Valencia are great fanciers of these birds and keep them in reed huts constructed on the roofs of the houses.

Valencia is the seat of one of the most famous Madonnas of Spain: *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados*, Our Lady of the Helpless: so pretty she used to look in her jewels and satins! But now there is a new god in Valencia; and Our Lady of the Helpless has had to give way to a certain Mr. Rosenberg, a gentleman from far away Russia . . .

I wonder if the nursemaids still take the children for an airing on the other side of the sluggish Rio Turia?

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: In many German schools the curriculum now includes an elaborate course in the technique of film production, the boys in each class banding together to make a picture with their master in the role of producer. Here we see part of the scenario set out on the blackboard for general perusal

THEORY AND PRACTICE: *Left*—The master explains the operation of the projector to a group of boys. *Right*—Artificial vegetation, cunningly made from paper, being put together for use in filming a woodland scene. The pupils construct all the "props" for the picture and have to do so without incurring any great expenditure

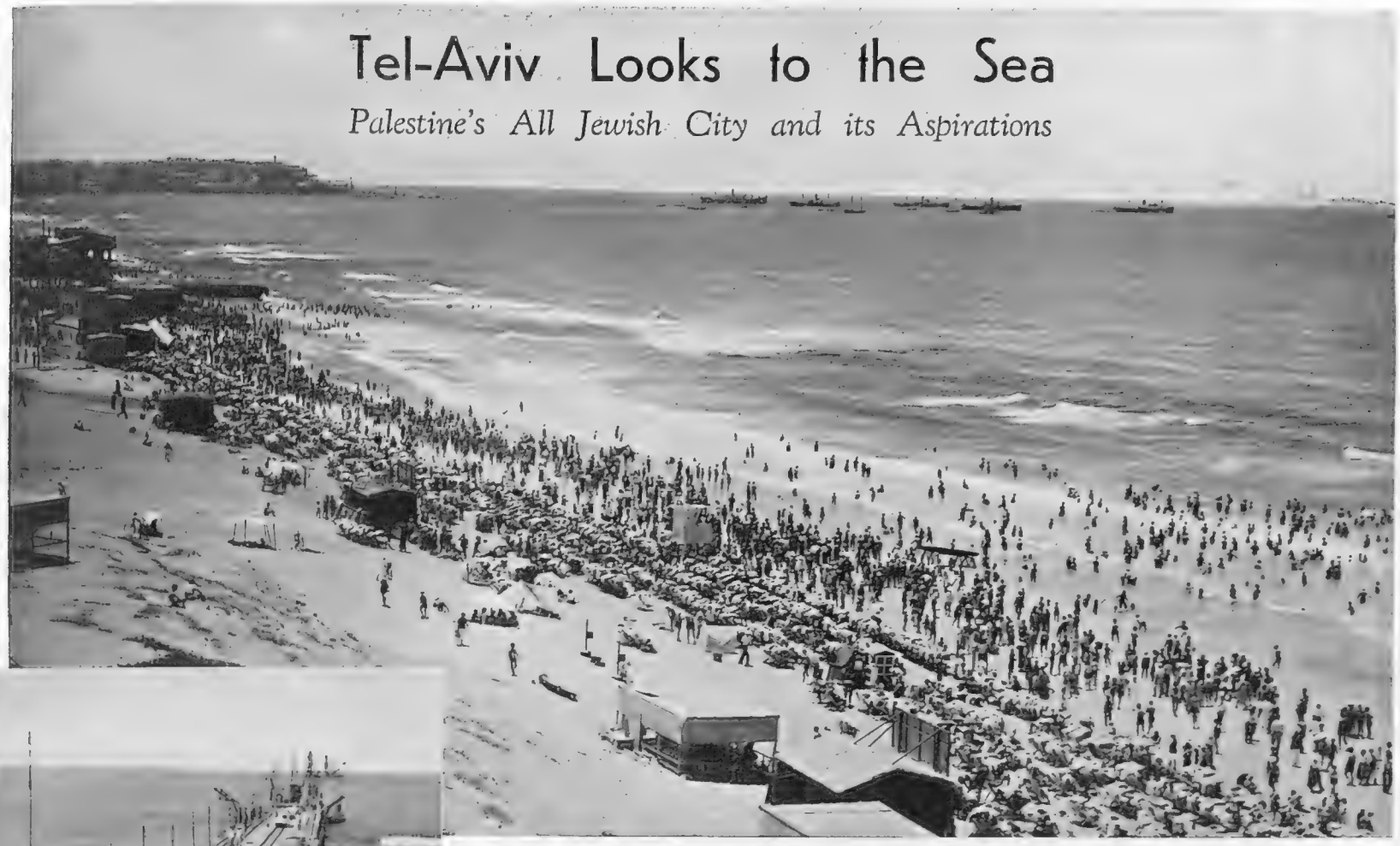
LOST IN THE FOREST: One of the dramatic episodes being shot in *Hansel und Gretel*, which was chosen by the boys as the theme of their film. While four of the youths superintend the lighting arrangements, a fifth acts as the cameraman

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: *Left*—Looking over the developed negative when determining the necessary cuts and (*right*) watching the run-off in the darkened classroom

German Schoolboys Learn Film Production

Tel-Aviv Looks to the Sea

Palestine's All Jewish City and its Aspirations



LIDO OF THE NEAR EAST: Holiday-makers on the beach at Tel-Aviv, the all Jewish city, which in 29 years has grown from a village among the sand dunes on the shores of the Mediterranean to a metropolis important both as a holiday resort and as a centre of business. Since the Arab strike its citizens have turned their attention to the sea, and work is proceeding apace on the construction of a cargo pier with a view to making Tel-Aviv a seaport

THE NEW PORT: A distant view of the long pier at Tel-Aviv, stretching out into deep water so that large lighters may come alongside and unload goods from cargo vessels. In the middle distance workmen are constructing a mole. *On left*—Cement being loaded on to trolleys for transportation along the finished portion of the pier

CAMEL TRANSPORT is used for conveying much of the material used in the construction of the pier works. In the background is one of the new port offices

The progress of the Tel-Aviv pier works is an indication of the manner in which conditions have returned to normal in Palestine since the cessation of the Arab strike and campaign of violence, but even now there is still cause for anxiety. When Lord Peel (the chairman) and other members of the Royal Commission of Inquiry arrived in Jerusalem some time ago to get to the root of the Arab-Jew conflict they were boycotted by the Arabs who absolutely refused to give evidence. At the beginning of this month, however, the boycott was lifted, and last week the Mufti of Jerusalem opened the case for the Arabs. His testimony, however, was disturbing in the extreme, lacking entirely in moderation and containing no hint of compromise. He stated that the disturbances arose because his countrymen were deprived of their political rights and he asked for the abrogation of the Balfour Declaration and, in place of the Mandate, an independent Arab Government, the Jews being relegated to the position of a minority

Wooden Walls for England Once Again

The New Motor Torpedo Boats and their Immense Potentialities

By VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE, C.B., C.M.G.

POTTED POWER: Lieutenant H. Kidston in the conning tower of one of the high speed 17-ton torpedo boats which have been designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Payne and constitute a distinctly new type of war vessel

"THE white cliffs of Dover" and "the wooden walls of England" are expressions indigenous to the soil of the Englishman's brain, but while the white cliffs are permanent, most of us thought that the wooden walls had passed away with "sail." But it seems that it is not so, for to-day once again warships are being built for the British Navy of wood.

They are not, it is true, large warships, being a mere 60 ft. long, and having a displacement of only 17 tons, but they are the first of a new type embodying what is for the British Navy a new conception.

In these doubtful days, when the aeroplane and the submarine shake their fists in the face of the battleship and almost, but not quite, succeed in driving that marine monster off the seas, any new type of war vessel has significance and unknown potentiality.

These are not C.M.B.'s as the step-bottomed speed boats which were developed during the late war were dubbed. The latter were small, exceedingly light, and designed to be hoisted from a cruiser's davits. Their crew could not live on board, their radius of action was small, and in any sort of rough sea they were useless. Neither are they quite the same as the type of craft developed by the Italian Navy, known as the M.A.S., swift little vessels which patrolled amongst the islands of the Adriatic, and amongst other successes sank an Austrian battleship, the *Svent Istvan*, by torpedoes.

The British boats have been designed by Mr. Scott-Payne of the British Power Boat Company, of Hythe, Southampton Water, and fulfil an Admiralty requirement for a small specially fast torpedo boat which can keep the sea. They are not stepped boats, but have an underwater form, sharp forward and flat-bottomed aft, which lifts them out of the water as they move forward at speed. They are very shallow draft, and the speed of the first models when fully loaded is 36 knots. Doubtless much greater speeds will be attained.

TRAVELLING AT SPEED: *Above and below*—Two more impressions of the new torpedo boats which, with their three 500-h.p. engines, can attain 36 knots. They should prove invaluable in the role of submarine hunters

The boats are delightfully compact and so arranged as to be worked by a minimum of crew, and to require the minimum of individual movement of the personnel, during an attack. Everything is under cover and as automatic as possible. In the little wheel-house, which, like all deck-fittings, is made of duralumin, and is mounted like a conning-tower on the deck, the helmsman controls not only the wheel, but also the engines and the firing of the torpedoes. Just behind him, wedged breast high in a round hole in the conning-tower roof, stands the boat's Commander, a Lieutenant or Sub-Lieutenant. A whispered word to the coxswain directs the boat's every function, and wireless telephony links her to her mates. She is an integer of power controlled by one brain and two hands.

In the after part of the boat is the engine. Here three big aeroplane engines, Napier Sea-Lions, develop between them 1,500 h.p. The engines are started by self-starters exactly similar to those of a motor car and they start more easily. In five minutes a flotilla of these boats lying at anchor, without previous warning, can be under way and speeding towards their objective at thirty knots. Nor are they deterred by a rough Channel sea or even an Atlantic swell. Sitting flat on the sloped surface of a wave, they climb their way to the crest, then coast down the other side.

The crew consists of an officer, a petty officer, three seamen, a stoker and a telegraphist. An additional officer and a stoker may be carried with advantage. Compared to the old shovel-nosed torpedo boats, one of which I commanded in the 'nineties, the accommodation is palatial.

Such then is the new motor torpedo boat costing something like £23,000, a mere trifle when you think that a modern destroyer costs £250,000. Almost anyone who had had a good afternoon on the Stock Exchange might feel disposed to present one to the nation!

But, one asks, what are these back-to-the-ark craft for? And why in the name of Davy Jones should they be built of wood? Surely we have long ago proved metal superior to wood. I will answer the last question first. For a light craft to be driven at high speed, a metal hull is tinny, easily damaged, and most unpleasant to live inside. Wood permits of a much thicker side, gives resilience, lightness, warmth, and is easy to repair. The boats take a lot of sinking.

What are they for? That cannot be answered so easily. As the boats develop, and more experience is gained with them, so their proper function will become clearer, but at present a flotilla of these little vessels constitutes a threat to the passage of large war vessels along any route. They can lurk amongst islands ready to attack, or they can lie stopped for days, riding to sea anchors, out on the broad Atlantic, waiting for some expected vessel.

To look at them you might think they were unarmed, for no weapon is visible, and none of the crew need appear on deck when at sea, but in fact they carry a portable armament of Lewis guns powerful enough to make them respected by aircraft. Their two big torpedoes are hidden in the engine room.

It is a pretty sight to watch a flotilla of these boats making an attack on some vessel. First, taking a position well ahead, they star outwards, then zig-zag from all directions towards their prey, mere specks barely visible. They press in close to fire their torpedoes and are away almost before the ship attacked has seen them.

Such is the birth of something new in the British Navy, something which will add greatly to the opportunities for young officers to exercise the qualities of dash and initiative so precious to our race. Who knows into what it may develop!

FOLLOW THE LEADER: *Left*—One of the new craft in another's wake. *Right*—Looking along the stern; a picture that gives an idea of the compactness of these vessels. The armament is hidden

MODERN TENDENCIES IN NIPPON

The Present Vogue for Horseback Riding and Ballroom Dancing

TO KEEP THE DUST AT BAY this rider, regardless of her personal appearance, wears a black mouth mask, thereby saving herself considerable discomfort. A picture taken at a Japanese horse show

RESTLESS FEET OF THE EAST: Classical dancing in Japan is slowly but surely giving place to ballroom dancing in the Western manner, and here we see a dance teacher giving instruction in one of the many schools that have lately sprung up in the cities, at least twenty of them being in Tokyo, and attracting an extraordinarily varied clientèle, ranging from portly heads of businesses to slim flappers. The music is for the most part provided by gramophone records, but some of the larger and more enterprising managements have imported expert jazz bands from Hawaii and the Philippines, and these have won instant popularity, drawing almost capacity crowds to the places in which they are playing

AT A TOKYO HORSE SHOW: Women participants in one of the competitions, neatly clad in habits of Western cut. It is only in recent years that riding has gained any popularity as an exercise in Japan, members of the upper classes taking it up with great enthusiasm

ENLIGHTENMENT IN THE CITY: Some Tokyo business men, anxious to maintain the health of their staffs, now encourage organised physical jerks during office hours, the employees doing drill either when they assemble in the morning or are about to break off for the mid-day meal

BOUND FOR THE SOUTHERN SEAS: Cadets of the Tokyo Mercantile Marine School waving from the deck of the *Taisei-Maru* as the training ship left Shibaura Harbour on a lengthy voyage among the islands of the Pacific. Japan believes firmly in the idea that experience in sail is still an ideal prelude to a career at sea, even in these days of turbines and Diesel engines

WATCHING THE SHIPS GO BY: This picture, entitled "Greenwich", was painted by Tissot about the year 1873 when the artist was living in London and achieving recognition with his superb representations of contemporary London life. It is now on view at the second Tissot Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries which follows up the exhibition held in the summer of 1933

FASCINATING WOMEN OF THE '70s

Recorded by Tissot, a Great Chronicler of Victorian Society

Tissot, who won recognition but not unstinted praise from his contemporaries, is to-day coming into his own as never before, and this artist, who gives us such delightful glimpses into the pleasant, leisurely life of the golden era of the 'seventies, is now regarded not only as a brilliant technician but as one of the great chroniclers of his age.

The Leicester Galleries have done well in getting together this second exhibition of his works and there is no doubt their enterprise will be well rewarded by the patronage of London art lovers.

Tissot fought with great bravery in the Franco-Prussian war, and in 1871 came to England, setting up house in St. John's Wood in the year following. His genial temperament, undoubted talent, and lovable disposition secured him a host of friends, and it was not long before he was prominent both in society and the world of art. It was then that he fell under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, his style undergoing a remarkable change. His conversation pieces in this new manner were well received, and his elaborate canvases commanded enviable prices.

(Continued on right)

"AT THE RIFLE RANGE": A Tissot masterpiece that epitomises the artist's skill as a portraitist of feminine types and in capturing the atmosphere of the '70s. His work, too, reached an extraordinarily high standard of technical excellence

"WAITING FOR THE BOAT AT GREENWICH": Tissot was ca... exhibition have some aspect of it as their theme. This picture... London. In 1882 there occurred some tragedy in his life connected... so often in his pictures of this period, and he then went to live in...

"IN THE CONSERVATORY": A conversation piece included among the twenty-five Tissots now at the Leicester Galleries; works that entrance with their atmosphere of graciousness and charm

tivated by London river, and at least five works in the present dates from about 1879, during the artist's last years of residence in it is widely believed, with the beautiful woman who appears Paris, afterwards becoming more and more preoccupied with religion

The oddest thing about Tissot was his placing of the most attractive women in modish costume among the masts and rigging of London dockland. He seemed to love masts, spars, and cordage for their own sakes and he placed on these timber ships not only the bearded sea captains of his period but the most fascinating of women. Did these befrilled creatures really visit the docks, or did Tissot arbitrarily place them there on his delightful canvases?

"PORTRAIT OF A MAN": This study, so utterly different from anything Tissot did in his London days, belongs to the period before he fell under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites

"BOARDING THE YACHT" is the title of this study. Women almost invariably figured in Tissot's pictures, whatever the theme, and their costumes he painted with the most elaborate care, thus leaving for posterity a wonderful record of the fashions of a whole Victorian decade

STORM AND SHIPWRECK ON BRITAIN'S COASTS

THE FATE OF THE "VIERGE MARIE": The Belgian trawler which ran aground last week below Tregiffian Head, about five miles from Penzance, and was speedily pounded to destruction against the rocks, the crew of four being swept away, and only the captain and mate surviving

SPLINTERED TO A THOUSAND FRAGMENTS: Wreckage of the Belgian trawler *Vierge Marie* piled high on the rockbound Cornish coast on the morning after the vessel, the engines of which were out of order, had drifted to its doom in a raging gale. This was one of no fewer than five shipping disasters which occurred around Britain within the short space of three days

THE FATE OF THE "BESSEMER CITY": This American vessel was last ... Cornwall, and readers of "The Sphere" may remember remarkable ... successive storms have continued the process of destruction, and ... amount of the woodwork has been salvaged in the past few weeks.

SWALLOWED UP IN A BOILING SEA: The 3,223-ton Finnish motor ship *Johanna Thorden*, her superstructure all but submerged, after she had struck a reef in a raging gale off the Isle of Swona, in the Pentland Firth. When she grounded passengers and crew made for the shore in two boats, but one boat was lost at sea and the other was dashed to pieces at South Ronaldshay. Thirty people perished

ovember carried on to the treacherous rocks of Pendennis Point, ictures of her as she lay still afloat though in two halves. Since then ly but surely the seas are battering her out of existence. A certain s, but weather conditions have made the task slow and difficult

A YEAR ON THE ROCKS: The s.s. *Heatherfield* has at last yielded to the ceaseless pounding of the waves, and this is all that remains of her. She was wrecked on January 25, 1936, in Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, but for a long while remained in an upright position

On right—ONE OF THE CREW WAS DROWNED when this trawler, the *Roche Castle*, was driven ashore on the rocky Gower coast near Swansea

THE LORD'S ANOINTED: Saul (Godfrey Tearle) and David, his successor as King of Israel (Elisabeth Bergner) in Barrie's play, *The Boy David*, which continues to draw capacity audiences to His Majesty's. Mr. Tearle has never given a better performance than this, in which he reveals the strength and weakness of Saul and makes him a living, vital character

DRAMA *and* FILMS

The Success of "Hamlet" Unabridged: Empty Stalls Disappoint at Covent Garden: Ernest Thesiger at His Best in a Somewhat Bizarre Part

Reviewed by Philip Page

WHEN I surveyed *Crooked Cross* at the Westminster Theatre last week I fell to wishing that the author, Miss Sally Carson, would not be, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, "so confoundedly politeful." Whenever she came to a point which looked like becoming interesting, she "retired apologising."

I grant that she has chosen a theme which is highly controversial and could in certain circumstances prove fiercely dangerous. Fights in theatres are rare in this country and we do not want plays which would make them inevitable. The Communist Party produce, I believe, plays of highly coloured propaganda, extolling the virtues of Communism and showing in lurid fashion the iniquities of all who oppose it. But they produce them in obscure halls, for the most part, and before audiences of Communists and only, I have reason to believe, of Communists; I have, at any rate, never heard of an anti-Communist, let alone a Fascist, attending those performances of the Workers' Theatre, etc. which are proclaimed in the hammer-and-sickle "daily." In short, they are preaching to the converted and the result is peace.

Miss Carson ensures peace by the equally fatuous method of preaching to nobody and of stating a case for each side without any colour at all. She is to be commended for her tact in dealing with the Nazi v. Jew problem, but for little else. Her heroine is a Nazi girl—the scene is Bavaria—and her hero is a clever young Jew doctor, and they are deeply in love. The young doctor loses his job at the hospital because he is a Jew; after further injustice he is shot dead while attempting to escape over the frontier. The girl, having remarked that his slayers are just mistaken children, or something of the sort, kills herself.

It is all very sad and very polite—and very wishy-washy. The young Jew is lovable and his old father still more lovable. Lovable, too, is the Nazi girl and her Nazi father and mother, and most of the Nazi young men who surround her. But not even the drama of the introduction of fierce political antagonisms into decent and essentially non-political families is developed. Little of the Nazi point of view is explained and still less of the Jewish point of view, and nobody says anything he or she is not fully expected to say.

In such circumstances the acting could be hardly other than superficial, for there was nothing for the players to get their teeth into. But Miss Ann Firth, as the girl, showed intelligence and plenty of promise, and Mr. Cecil Trouncer and Mr. Mark Dignum managed to put some life into the parts of an elderly Nazi and an elderly Jew respectively, (both most lovable).

An Ellen Terry Prophecy.—It is surprising, and also gratifying, that in a holiday theatrical season which has not quite come up to expectations commercially (the 'flu is one cause) one of the biggest box-office successes should be the *Hamlet*-in-full production at the Old Vic.

To Mr. Laurence Olivier this must be pleasant reward for much arduous work—over eight hours of too too solid Shakespeare on matinee days. His Hamlet being among the best half-dozen of the twenty-eight Hamlets I have seen (including the foreigners), I paid a second visit to the Old Vic. for a couple of hours the other night, and found the large theatre quite full.

A few hours later I chanced to be re-reading Ellen Terry's memoirs, and I came across the following passage in an additional biographical chapter (written, I think, by Christopher St. John):—

. . . "Next I come to a reference to a performance of *Twelfth Night* by the boys of the All Saints, Margaret Street, Choir School. Ellen Terry's first experience of these productions of Shakespeare at the school . . . had been in 1921, when she saw *Julius Caesar*. I remember she spotted a future winner in the small boy who played Brutus. 'Already a great actor' she said. The following year she notes in her diary that the 'wonderful little Brutus' played Katharine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and that she had never seen the part played as well by any woman, except Ada Rehan. 'This gives us an idea of what the boy-actors in Shakespeare's time were like, yet people assume they were clumsy hobbledehoys!'" Laurence Olivier, whose talent Ellen Terry thus recognised when he was a schoolboy, has since established his reputation as an actor by many fine performances, both on the stage and on the screen.

SHE'S THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S DAUGHTER: Anna Lee, wife of Robert ("Tudor Rose") Stevenson, as she appears in *O.H.M.S.* the new film of military life which came to the Tivoli this week. It is a British production, but Wallace Ford and Grace Bradley were brought over from the United States to strengthen the cast

"Gianni Schicchi" and "Salome."—This is the last week of the winter opera season at Covent Garden—and, it seems probable, of the last winter season Covent Garden is likely to see for a long time. For it would be idle to pretend that except in the artistic sense, it has been a success. Those rows of empty stalls for performances as good as any I can recall in this, or any other opera house, will give Sir Thomas Beecham further reason for cynicism.

I only hope that they will not abate Sir Thomas's enthusiasm and his amazing generosity in putting his energy and his great artistic ability and experience at the disposal of the British public, which, to say the least, is not so responsive as it might be. There may have been a few errors of tactics. Possibly it was a mistake not to realise that London in the winter time is not used to first-class opera, though a policy of timidity is never justified in any sphere of endeavour. The afore-mentioned influenza was doubtless another factor. Perhaps not sufficient cognisance was taken of the fact that the people who can pay £1 for a stall are, though not necessarily dull Philistines, creatures of habit and that at this time of the year cruises in sunny seas or gaieties at St. Moritz are calling them.

Still, a noble effort has been made and it has failed, which is a pity. For consolation there is the reflection that the very fine standard of singing, orchestral playing, and production generally at Covent Garden in the past month has added to the laurels of the present extremely able syndicate, even if it has lessened their bank balance.

A *bonne bouche* was reserved to the last in the form of a double bill, consisting of Puccini's one-act comedy-opera, *Gianni Schicchi* (which is nearly, if not quite, his masterpiece) and Richard Strauss' *Salome*. The former was played first, which was a mistake. The old theatrical tradition of ending on a gay note holds good for an operatic composite bill also, even if there is hardly one grand opera which in itself does not conclude in profound gloom. The old Victorian programmes—"the whole to conclude with the side-splitting farce, etc., etc."—were on the right tack.

Gianni Schicchi was played and sung immaculately. M. Armand Crabbé, the Belgian baritone, who was singing here in pre-war days, was superb in the name-part; he put in plenty of comedy without clowning it. M. Crabbé at times suggested the style of Mr. George Robey, and I intend that as a compliment. Mr. Heddle Nash, in excellent voice, wisely seized on the more luscious and Pucciniesque portions and let us wallow voluptuously in them.

Salome wears well. It may not be absolutely first-rate Strauss, but it is ideal musical decor for the Wilde drama,

PRINCIPAL BOY FLORENCE DESMOND finishes a hurried cigarette as she dashes from dressing-room to stage at the Hippodrome where she is starring in *Mother Goose*—one of London's brightest pantomimes

ON THE WAY TO milk-white pon Coliseum—one this scale would asset, making

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF IMPERIAL VIENNA provides one of the settings for *Ernte*, the picture at the Academy, Oxford Street, starring Paula Wessely, one of the Continent's ablest dramatic actresses

and if the orchestration and the "horror in sound" do not give the same thrills and shivers they did a quarter of a century ago—sounds so much more horrific have been evolved and labelled as music since then—they are still vastly effective. And there are moments of rich beauty.

Among the nonsense that has been written about *Salome* in the past few days, the accusation stands out that this opera "contains no themes." It is a mass of them; I would mention among the more haunting, the *motif* associated with John the Baptist and that which accompanies Salome's adoration of the severed head (in this case discreetly covered up with a cloth, for some inscrutable reason).

Madame Ranczak, who comes from Czechoslovakia, is a remarkable woman, for she can not only sing Salome's fantastically difficult music better, probably, than it has ever been sung before but is a first-rate actress and, as they say, "easy to look at." One critic adds that she is also "quite a respectable dancer." She can dance a bit, it is true; but the last thing required of Salome's dancing is respectability. The famous "Dance of the Seven Veils" which intoxicated Herod, should be indescribably sensual. That would be carrying realism a bit too far, even if such a dancer were obtainable. Madame Ranczak probably provided the only possible compromise. However, I am still of opinion that the dance should either be left to the imagination—the music being played—or that a professional dancer should be engaged to "double" the part at this point.

WELCOMING 1937: Ronnie Hyde, Clifford Mollison, Dennis O'Sullivan, and Jean Cameron—all members of the cast of *Balalaika*—at the party at the Adelphi to celebrate the old Russian New Year

Herr Schoeffler, who was playing the Devil in *Schwanda* last year, made a stately and sonorous John the Baptist. The Herod, Herr Gunnar Graarud, seemed so crushed and terrified that I suspected that he had just been beaten in a 12-round contest by Herr Bombardier Wells. But perhaps he had 'flu.

"The Son of the Grand Eunuch."—The Chinaman of stage tradition has two aspects. In musical comedy of the Edwardian age he was represented as a comic little person, usually engaged in laundry-work, with the soles of his shoes two inches thick and his two fore-fingers pointing to Heaven. In more serious drama he was, and still is, a dignified figure, with a subtle sense of humour, given to flowery language, insincere compliments, and diabolical cruelties.

The Son of the Grand Eunuch, an oddly named play produced at the Arts Theatre, shows Chinaman Number Two. The story is a long and involved one of intrigue and torture, but it has distinct charm and is, on the whole, very well acted. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who is always interesting in bizarre parts, has one here after his own heart, and a good performance comes, too, from Mr. David Horne. The costumes are delightful.

SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: *Balalaika.*
ALDWYCH: Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in *Jane Eyre.*
HIS MAJESTY'S: Elisabeth Bergner in *The Boy David.*
NEW: Margaret Rawlings in *Parnell.*
ST. MARTIN'S: Leslie Banks and Adrianne Allen in *Till the Cows Come Home.*

A VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE IN OPERA: Gwen Farrar (centre) pictured during a rehearsal at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, for the Carl Rosa Opera Company's production of Strauss' *Die Fledermaus.* She sings the baritone part of Prince Orlofsky

THE BALL: Cinderella's coach, drawn by its team of ies, in a striking episode in the pantomime at the of the few theatres in London where a production on have been possible. The revolving stage is an immense possible the presentation of a series of spectacular scenes

IN THE DAYS OF THE ROUND TABLE: John Fullard as Sir Loraine, Bruce Clark as Sir Bernard, Sybil Evers (well-known to theatre-goers for her performances in Milton's *Comus* at Regent's Park) as Elaine, and Frederick Woodhouse as Hod in Rutland Boughton's new opera *The Lily Maid*, which was recently presented with success at the Winter Garden Theatre. The piece is based on Arthurian legend and admirers of *The Immortal Hour* will find in it something of the manner and flavour of the earlier work which brought the composer world-wide recognition

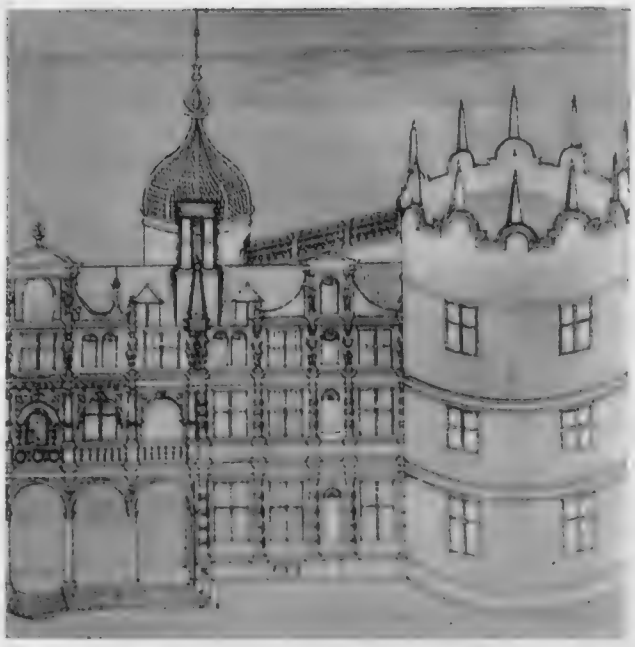
LONDON BUILDINGS AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN

And Other Interesting Items at the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Architecture

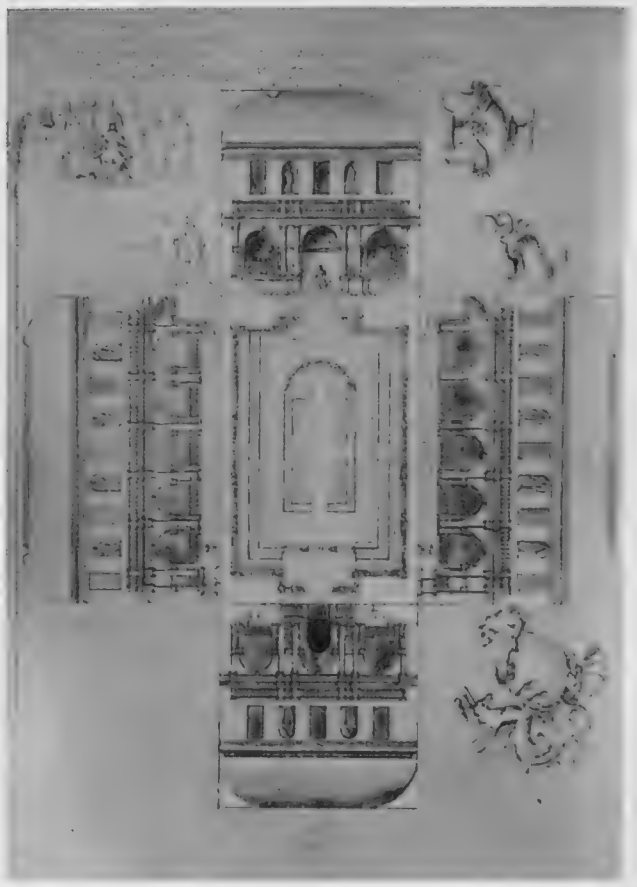
AN AMBITIOUS PLAN: Decimus Burton's original design for his archway and park screen at Hyde Park Corner is one of the outstanding exhibits in the Retrospective Section of the R.A. Exhibition of British Architecture which opened last week at Burlington House and, although not so catholic in its appeal as some of the winter shows in the past, is none the less of absorbing interest

"HE FINDS US ALL BRICK AND HE LEAVES US ALL PLASTER": John Nash, apostle of Regency architecture, was responsible for this noted Irish residence, Rockingham, near Boyle, County Roscommon, which typifies his highly individual style. His use of stucco in the same monotonous tint is a highly characteristic feature of his work that lays itself open to some criticism

IN THE CLASSIC MANNER: The west front of a house planned by Robert Adam for John Fenton Cawthorn. In addition to his work in Central London Adam, in conjunction with his brothers, designed many country houses including Kenwood, Hampstead; Luton House, Bedfordshire; Kedleston, Derbyshire; Osterley House, near Brentford; and Compton Verney, Warwickshire



LONGFORD CASTLE: A design credited to John Thorpe, who between 1570 and 1618 built or enlarged a number of mansions. The façade in German Renaissance style was probably not originated by Thorpe himself, but the round tower is certainly his



THE ORNATE PALLADIAN STYLE of which he was such a persistent follower is represented in this rejected design for the House of Lords prepared by William Kent (1685-1748), the flamboyance of whose work is not held in great regard to-day

THE ART OF INIGO JONES: A chimney piece designed in 1636 by the great master of woodcarving. It is no more than a rough sketch, and, it will be noted, contains alternative treatments for the cornice

BIRTH OF AN IDEA: A preliminary design for Tower Bridge produced by Sir Horace Jones, the architect to the City of London who was responsible for so many buildings, including the Central Meat Market and the Guildhall Library. The bridge, said by one critic to have been spoiled "by the lace flounces of prettified Scottish baronial architecture", was not completed until 1894, some time after Sir Horace's death

What Other People Are Doing

Personalities in the Limelight—Some Weddings of the Week and Other Matters

"WE DEFINITELY PREFER BUTTER TO GUNS" said Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, in his widely reported speech at the annual dinner of the Foreign Press Association in London when he reiterated that Britain had no desire to spend money on armaments but was being forced to do so by conditions abroad and, that being so, was determined to re-equip thoroughly in the interests of security. Listening intently to his speech are Dr. Stefan Litauer and Mrs. Eden

TUNING UP: Miss Stammers has been enjoying a winter sports holiday at Suvretta and incidentally has been getting fit for the 1937 lawn tennis campaign

JANUARY BRIDE: Miss Grace Windham leaving for St. Mark's, North Audley Street, for her marriage to Mr. Wilfred Grand d'Hauteville

MISS BETTY NUTHALL ENGAGED: The lawn tennis star and her fiancé, Mr. David Barclay, a London business man. *On left*—Mr. J. H. Lane Fox and Miss Anne Loyd leaving All Saints', Lockinge, Wantage, after their marriage a few days ago

DESERT ROMANCE: Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Peake, Officer Commanding the Arab Legion and Director of Public Security in Transjordan, and Miss E. M. Ritchie who were married last week at Christ Church, Marylebone. Colonel Peake has had an interesting career in the Near East and in the great war served with Lawrence of Arabia in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. He met his bride-to-be in the desert town of Amman

BEAUTY ON PARADE: The Athos Follies, a troupe of charming English girls trained by Percy Athos, who have recently returned from South America and are now appearing in the cabaret-revue, *Paris Tour du Monde*, at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, their good looks, singing, and dancing combining to make them a first-class attraction. The producer of the show is Jacques Charles, the discoverer of Maurice Chevalier, and the writer of the lyrics of such well-known song-hits as "Valencia," "Ça c'est Paris," and "Mon Homme."

WILD-CATTING IN BRITAIN

Can This Country Produce Oil in Commercial Quantities?—A Vital Economic Question that Industrialists Are Now Attempting to Answer

By CHARLES GRAVES

SCENE OF A GREAT EXPERIMENT: No. 1 well at Portsdown, Hampshire, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has for some time past been carrying on boring operations in the hope of striking oil in commercial quantities. The well has penetrated a depth of 5,800 ft.

LET me say at once that this curious American phrase has nothing to do with wild goose chases. It is the regular phrase for the ordinary prospecting for oil in areas in which the geological formation suggests a distinct likelihood of finding it. Within the next ten days or so the Anglo-Iranian (formerly the Anglo-Persian) Oil Company will probably know the results of their first borehole at Portsdown in Hampshire. It was on March 31, 1935, that drilling operations began there. The well has now reached a depth of 5,800 ft. and there are only another few yards or so of the lias formation. For at about 6,000 ft. it is estimated the trias begins, which precludes any further possibility of finding oil there. The rate of drilling has been at a speed of 600 ft. a month and at a cost of £5 a foot. Originally the Company was prepared to go down to 10,000 ft., but as I say, the formations have thinned out. Similarly, they will know by the end of February the results of the Henfield bore. They have already gone down 4,400 ft. and do not propose to go down more than another 1,000 ft.

There is only one oil well in Great Britain which pays its way. This is the Hardstoft in Derbyshire, the original one which is on the Duke of Devonshire's property. This well has produced 3,000 tons of oil since 1919. It is of good quality, similar to Pennsylvanian crude and is valuable for its lubricating oil content. It is run very economically by a man and his assistant. At the present minute it is producing at the rate of 2 tons a week. The oil is worth £5 a ton.

There are three different possibilities in this country where oil might be found—the Carboniferous of the Midlands and Scotland; the Permian in Yorkshire; and the Lower Cretaceous and Jurassic in the South of England. The Permian formation is similar to the reservoir rock at Volkenroda in Germany, the nearest point to Great Britain where oil is found in any quantities. In Germany they wild-catted for a long time until they struck oil. Now they are producing it at the rate of 400,000 tons a year—a very valuable find for Hitler.

It was actually in 1847 that James Young, a student in chemistry, became interested in petroleum seepages in Derbyshire. From the oil he obtained paraffin wax and lubricating oil.

Emanations of natural gas occur in various parts of Great Britain, notably at Heathfield in Sussex, where the local railway station still uses the gas as an illuminant. It was not, however, until 1918 that the need for oil became so acute that attention was called to the possibilities of finding it in this country. In September of that year the Minister of Munitions entered into a contract with S. Pearson and Son to put down test wells in a number of areas. The Government appropriated £1,000,000 for the cost of this work. In the following four years eleven bore-holes were sunk, under the Government programme, in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Scotland. Only two of these wells, however, showed oil in a measurable quantity. One of these was the Hardstoft well.

National economy then caused the Government to stop its drilling programme after £570,000 had been spent. This did not prevent other people prospecting for oil; but the Petroleum Production Act passed in 1918 was a faulty piece of legislation owing to the confusion it caused with regard to the royalty payments. As a result, only seven licences were applied for and granted up to 1934, and of these, four had lapsed when the new Bill was introduced. These were the Duke of Devonshire's licence for the area round Hardstoft; Mr. Henry King Hiller's near Heathfield in Sussex; and the N. M. D. Syndicate's for an area near Three Bridges, also in Sussex.

BITING INTO THE EARTH'S CRUST: A 23½-in. drop bit used in the drilling operations at Portsdown

The new Act of 1934 vested in the Crown the property in all the petroleum and natural gas within Great Britain. It also empowered the Board of Trade to grant licences and to fix the amount of royalty or other consideration payable. It further gave compulsory powers to enter upon land on payment of adequate compensation to the owner and, for the purposes of the Act, petroleum was made to include any mineral oil and natural gas, though it excluded coal and bituminous shale.

In the following year the Board of Trade issued regulations under the Act setting out the form in which applications for the licences could be made. It pointed out that the fee for a prospecting licence was £20, and for a mining licence £40. The applicant had to furnish evidence as to his financial and technical qualifications; and prospecting licences were limited to a maximum of 200 square miles and a minimum of 8 square miles. Similarly, a mining licence was limited to a maximum of 100 square miles and a minimum of 4 square miles. All kinds of clauses were inserted whereby the licensee had to supply accurate statements of the quantity of oil secured; the method and results of tests made on the oil; the amount refined; the amount of natural gas sold, and the price thereof. The licensee was also made liable for controlling the flow and the prevention of any escape of petroleum discovered; the conservation of the licensed area for productive operations; and the prevention of damage to adjoining petroleum-bearing strata. The regulations also insisted that operations must be carried out in a workmanlike manner.

The Act was exceedingly practical and produced immediate results. Within a few months the Board of Trade received between fifty and sixty applications for licences. Thirty-nine of these were granted to a subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. These licences cover several thousand square miles in Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, Dorset, Surrey, Sussex, Midlothian, Yorkshire, East Lothian, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Norfolk, Leicestershire, Rutland, and Cambridgeshire.

At the present minute there are forty-five employees at Portsdown and a similar number at Henfield. Drilling is expected to begin by April or May in Yorkshire. This work will employ a similar number of men. In Scotland drilling will have begun by March. At Kingsclere in Berkshire it will have begun by April, and in Dorset by September.

So far, one can estimate that, including the Government sum of £570,000, nearly £750,000 had been spent in wild-catting up to 1935. Another £250,000 has been spent since then; and in the course of 1937 further heavy expenditure will be incurred.

Although experiments so far have met with poor results, there is no feeling of despondency among the experts. They realise that many trial wells have to be bored before success can be obtained. Nearly a hundred wells were drilled in Germany before they struck it rich. Moreover there are many inducements, both patriotic and commercial, to continue wild-catting. This country every year consumes 4,500,000 tons of petrol, 1,000,000 tons of kerosene, 1,500,000 tons of fuel oil, and 500,000 tons of lubricating oil. Imagine how valuable it would be for us if we could discover enough to supply our Air Force! Commercially the inducement is very considerable. The tax on imported petrol, as every motorist knows, is 8d. a gallon. This means to say that British petrol would be £10 a ton ahead of the game, not counting the cost of sea transport—until, of course, some future Chancellor of the Exchequer decided to tax it.

Gushers in Great Britain are exceedingly improbable, but there is no reason why flowing oil should not be obtained. (This means that the oil does not have to be pumped at great expense).

Compared with Iran, where oilfields produce 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 tons of oil a year, a British oilfield producing, let us say, 250,000 tons seems small, but nevertheless it would be distinctly valuable. Even a field producing 5,000 tons a year would be a commercial proposition. You do not need to be a chartered accountant to realise that after deducting working expenses 50,000 tons of oil at £5 a ton would produce a very fair return.

Meantime the eastern parts of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire are being examined geophysically in the hope that the carboniferous limestone may be found within drilling depth and suitably folded. This geophysical survey is being carried out in two different ways: with a torsion balance—a gravimetrical instrument which can indicate a mass of buried rock; and by the seismic method. This involves the explosion of small charges—in fact, the production of miniature earthquakes, the angle of

(*Continued on page 142*)

SEARCHING FOR OIL IN SUSSEX: Boring operations in progress at Henfield where the Anglo-Iranian Company has an experimental well. So far it has gone down 4,400 ft. and it is proposed to continue for another 1,000 ft., a task that will last until the end of February. If no strike is made by then operations will be stopped

LONDON the EVER CHANGING

Old Houses of Soho Square to go—An Inner Temple Custom Revived

DOOMED TO DEMOLITION: The main entrance of No. 32 Soho Square, which, together with No. 31, is shortly to be pulled down and replaced by a modern building. No. 32, which is said to have been built by the Adams and has some fine ceilings and mantelpieces, has had many well-known residents, including Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society who often entertained Dr. Johnson there

NO LONGER A DANGER: The statue of William IV which formerly stood in King William Street, in the City, and has now been moved to this new site in King William Street, Greenwich, where it can no longer hinder the flow of London traffic. In its old position it was the subject of considerable criticism by motorists

On right—AFTER A LAPSE OF CLOSE ON FIFTY YEARS the ancient and picturesque mode of summoning members of the Inner Temple to dinner was revived last week when the head porter sounded a horn at three separate points

On right—BRIGHTENING OUR MUSEUMS: Children's treasure hunts, in which the treasures are, fittingly enough, priceless works of art, were inaugurated the other day at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, when Miss Marion Thring, hostess and guide lecturer, described to the youngsters a list of objects and then sent them ranging through the building in search of them. This portrait bust of Charles II had to be located, and after the hunt was over, the children, as depicted here, set to work to sketch it

A BEARDED PATRIARCH OF THE SOIL

A Veteran Kentish Farmer Afield with His Gun

HOMEWARD BOUND FROM PLOUGHING

A January Afternoon in a Hampshire Lane

A JUICY MORSEL: The starling returns to the nesting-hole with a succulent worm

A Camera Study by Eric J. Hosking, F.R.P.S.

The Starling— the Farmer's Friend

"He too—tho' small—is part of the great scheme and has his existence to fulfil . . ."

THUS is the starling often designated as he has been by wise countryfolk since the olden days. And surely he justifies his claim to that title by those good and useful qualities of his, which by far outweigh any harm that he may cause about the countryside. In addition to this, there is also the interest and the pleasure which his curious activities and his cheerful voice may bring to those who know how to appreciate such pleasant things.

How often does he enliven the dullness of some chilly day, when most of the other birds are silent, with his own peculiar music. Perched upon his favourite seat—it may be high up on some chimney-pot that he has placed himself—the starling proceeds to exhibit his varied accomplishments. And how varied indeed they are.

He blows, whistles, draws corks, rasps a file, mews like a cat, gives a bar or so of the thrush's song, the cry of a curlew; and, finally, he concludes his performance with a terrific clatter of castanets—all this intermingled with original notes of his own; and then, pleased with himself, he ceases for a while, sitting there complacent as with the certain knowledge that he has just given an extraordinarily clever piece of entertainment; and that he can do even better than this whenever he so chooses!

The starling is a gregarious creature above all things. He takes much delight in the companionship of his own kind. And he is not often to be seen alone; unless perhaps in the nesting season, when his wife is too much occupied with her domestic affairs to accompany him.

To-day when a soft wind is racing up from the south-west—full of gentle force—when the skies are filled with light rain-clouds, the air is temperate, and spring seems to be almost within sight. . . So to-day the starling can be seen with his friends, walking in the richness of the meadows—those meadows which are now drenched with the moisture of this mild season. This is a most prolific hunting ground for him; for both here and in the pasturelands does he find a great part of his food. He is deceptive in his appearance. Seen from a distance he seems to be just a small, darkly-coloured individual; but as he approaches, and a nearer view of him is obtained, a transformation takes place, and the rather insignificant bird becomes exceedingly good to look at.

The dusky plumage shows itself to be shot with deep purple and green and blue—the feathers are smartly tipped with cream and white—the beak is yellow. And as he moves energetically along, gleaming in a bright iridescence, he makes a brave show in his seasonable attire.

His preference lies in the direction of insects and grubs as regards his provender; and in searching out and consuming these he helps to clear the land of many a terrible pest—such as the hated wireworm. This grub is one of the most pernicious of pests, for the wireworm has a liking for nearly every sort of crop, feeding upon the roots voraciously. And as it spends some three or more years of its existence in this way the damage it succeeds in doing is almost incredible.

The leatherjacket also, the weevil, the slug and the like are all the keenly hunted prey of the starling.

Thus does this bird render an incalculable service to the agriculturist and the gardener. Even though for a short period in the year he may take fruit sometimes, that, or any other damage which he may do, would seem to be negligible almost in comparison with the important work which he manages to accomplish in field and ploughland and about the garden.

With the coming of the springtime there comes too a change in the habits of the starling people. It is then that the vast flocks break up and the birds disperse and go upon their several ways, the greater part of them intent upon taking up domesticity and the new mode of life which the changing season has brought to them. They then seek out some nesting place and, in search of this, they very often repair to the neighbourhood of man where they may reasonably hope to find some convenient nook or cranny which will serve them as a suitable site. In their ideas the birds vary very much as to the selection of a suitable position for their home.

One pair may choose a hole in a garden wall or in an old building. Another couple may nest in an ancient chimney; beneath the eaves of some house; up amongst the high cliffs—or in almost any spot where a convenient hole can be found. And then when a satisfactory site is secured there they will establish themselves for the breeding season. There the nest will be made and there, in due course of time they will rear their children.

Muriel W. Haywood

SUN - SPOTS

It is Fashionable to be an Escapologist, so if you are Cruising away from England's Grey Skies and Winter Winds be sure not to Complicate your Life by Unnecessary Packing

IN theory it is grand to throw a few things into a small case and depart adventurously to the ends of the earth. But in practice half the success of a cruise depends on having the right clothes. On the other hand nothing is worse than having to spend weary hours unpacking in a small cabin.

Two simple solutions offer themselves. In the first place, get modern luggage, intelligently designed to prevent ordinary people from getting into a muddle. And in the second, make as many of your clothes as possible do double or even treble duty.

HAve, for instance, a well-cut white evening dress, made in a very heavy cloque or in a soft white tweed. The skirt should widen slightly at the hem, and the bodice should be held up by narrow shoulder straps. We've drawn this type of frock for you, and it is worn by the glamorous lady with flowers in her hair. Round her waist she has twisted three sashes, one purple, one wine, and one pale blue, each of them widening so that they form a fan-shaped train. And there she is, all ready to dance.

On the extreme right she wears the same dress, this time with a tunic coat, a scarf of bright blue sequins, and a little sequin cap. On the left she wears it again, as a background for a bolero and tiny cap made of vivid petals.

Then there is the coat at the foot of the page, tailored in a multi-coloured Terry towelling, with plain revers and cuffs. It is a material that is uncrushable, that hangs well, and that can be worn with equal comfort over washing frocks, play suits, or swim suits.

NAturally you'll want as many washing frocks as possible. And you'll find a light suit is practically indispensable. It is easy to achieve variety with different blouses, scarves, and accessories.

The girl who is shading her eyes from the sun is wearing a frock of sky blue linen, with a completely circular skirt, a long white zip fastener down the front, and a white patent leather belt finished with a bow. It costs 8 guineas and comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge. Her companion wears a heavy white linen suit, the simple skirt bias-cut, and the buttons on the jacket darned in navy blue to match the spotted blouse. This too comes from Harrods, and the price is 10 guineas

The World of Books

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

I AM always made slightly uncomfortable by the "see-how-the-poor-live" school of novelist, whose obvious patronage is only slightly less offensive than their intelligent and donnish interest. I am grateful therefore for Miss Audrey Lucas's **LIFE CLASS** (Collins. 7s. 6d.), a novel in which precisely this type of inquiring mind is deliciously guyed.

Matthew Lennox, the very young novelist with whom the story is concerned, decides, as a preparation for his second book, to make a painstaking study of the way in which that familiar "other half" live. He calls them real people, with the rather touching inverted snobbery of the young man who has been brought up in extreme comfort.

After a chance meeting with a pretty girl in a tea-shop he decides on her mother's boarding-house as an excellent headquarters for his researches, and moves in with a mind so open as to verge on blankness. It is here that the fun begins. During a week of particularly hot weather, which the author assures us is fictitious, there are several major crises among the guests of the boarding-house. The manageress has a sentimental passage with her star boarder, a particularly flashy bookmaker, and half decides to elope with him.

The oldest boarder is run over in the street and dies, leaving his few possessions to his only friend, the manageress's husband. His relations arrive and stage an unpleasant brawl, in which they lose their dignity and all chance of the inheritance. The daughter of the house announces her engagement to a pleasant young man, and the spinster boarder, having repelled some half-hearted advances from an Indian student and fellow lodger, turns on the gas.

In the meantime, our young Matthew, feeling the heat and regretting the freshness of his family's Georgian house and cool garden, takes one or two evenings off from his studies to go home. It is on these evenings that the boarding-house life becomes so active. Matthew, in fact misses everything, and the sum of his experience is an unsatisfactory conversation with the pretty girl while helping her to carry home a piece of Canadian salmon.

The light manner suits Miss Lucas admirably, and her writing is the more welcome for the quiet and friendly wit which enlivens it.

The most remarkable novel of the week has been Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's **FAMINE** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), a picture of Ireland in the 1840s when the potato blight brought such terrible consequences with it, and ruin, hunger, and even the plague swept across the country in an irresistible wave.

The author has shown us, in great detail, the lives of what must have been a typical family in the South Ireland of that time, the Kilmartins in the parish of Crom, who normally lived in a state of extreme poverty which the potato blight reduced in a pitiably short time to actual starvation.

Like most of their neighbours, the Kilmartins were improvident. Potatoes and salted water were their everyday fare, and they were aghast at a suggestion that they should grow other vegetables on their land. They had no pig, and only a few hens, which were killed in as many days to make broth for a son dying of tuberculosis. Finally, at the end of the story, and after bitter, almost unendurable misery, only two of the family—the young son and his wife—survive, and they escape on an emigrant boat for America.

Emigration was, in fact, the only hope of these poor peasants, but it was generally impossible to raise even the money for that. At home their distress was added to by the tyranny of the absentee landlords, whose agents were as often as not drunkards and bullies. Disorganised and disheartened, they lacked the force to rebel, and died in their hundreds and thousands. It is a grim story, and Mr. O'Flaherty has spared none of the horrors, but at the same time it is a fine novel, and one which it is impossible to read without pity and emotion.

WILLIAM, FIFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE OF BEDFORD is the central figure in Gladys Scott Thomson's fascinating new book, *Life in a Noble Household, 1641–1700*, which has just been published by Jonathan Cape and, as the title suggests, gives an intimate glimpse of the everyday doings of a seventeenth century family, recording what they ate and drank, what clothes they wore, where they went for their holidays, and a host of other common-place but, at this distance, intriguing details. A great deal of the material in the volume is based on an elaborate series of old account books

There are few people who pretend to an admiration of the unhappy George III, but it is possible in considering his life with sympathy to arrive at some understanding and even a certain fondness of this sad figure, who, for all his faults was surely a better man than the son who was to follow him.

ROYAL GEORGE (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.) is an admirable biography by Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, careful, reasoned, excellently informed and as free from prejudice as one has any right to expect when concerned with such a controversial personage.

George III, who spent his last years in the decline and darkness of lunacy, was driven to that state by frustration. He was a peculiarly single-minded man, not clever, not even very intelligent but with the strongest of convictions. One of these, and possibly the one over which he made his most terrible mistakes, was his determination to make his own sovereignty absolute. He had chosen a fatal moment for such a stand, and the opposition he received over it and over the question of popular rights, was enough to shake his reason.

The virtue of his private life was unassailable, even by his most savage critics. He was a disciplinarian, but a kind one, and the narrow conventions of the Victorian court had yet to be invented. As for the simple people with whom he came into contact in the country, he understood them and they him, and a real affection existed there.

The brilliant figures of Pitt, Charles James Fox, and Burke have their places in this study, though perhaps Burke receives a little less than his due at Mr. Vulliamy's hands, when he speaks of Burke's miserable deterioration, and of him as a "broken, elderly man, not invariably sober, who shrieked and ranted while the members walked out," and whose "general style was full of images which are definitely pathological in origin."

On the whole, however, this is a very fine biography, the first to do justice to the man and the king, and on every ground, the best that has yet appeared.

I think, in point of fact and time, that it was Mr. Bruce-Lockhart who began the present vogue for the vividly personal recollections of newspaper men, and Mr. John Gunther who gave it its political twist. Somewhere in that tradition are the memorable books of Vincent Sheean, Walter Duranty, and Negley Farson. Now there is **FEAR CAME ON EUROPE** (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) from the pen of Mr. John T. Whitaker, a young American journalist.

Mr. Gunther has written the foreword and in it an appreciation of the author's "zest and passion" and the freshness of his treatment of contemporary events. I agree with Mr. Gunther over this, though, with him, I am not so confident about the author's conclusions when it comes to the idea of Fascism. Fascism, to Mr. Whitaker, is a search for expansion, and that expansion both spiritual and material. I would question too, his views on Great Britain, which he thinks is doomed as an imperial Power owing to the fiasco of sanctions.

In the main however it is a stimulating book, written with vitality and with no second-hand prejudices.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LOVAT DICKSON.—A TREASURE SHIP OF OLD QUEBEC. By Ethel Hume Bennett. Illustrated by Hazel Boswell. 6s. ALBANIAN WONDER TALES. By Post Wheeler. Illustrations by Maud and Miska Petersham. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON & PETER DAVIES.—SHIPS AND WOMEN: An Autobiography. By Bill Adams. 8s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL.—THE HEADMASTER SPEAKS: By the Headmasters of Twelve Famous Public Schools. With a Preface by Lord Eustace Percy. 7s. 6d. THE FUTURE OF SEX RELATIONSHIPS. By Ralph de Pomerai. 3s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—PERSONALITIES: A Selection from the Writings of A. A. Baumann. 6s. LORDS AND MASTERS. By A. G. Macdonell. 7s. 6d. THE RUNAWAY: A Victorian Story for the Young. Re-issued with illustrations by Gwen Raverat. 6s. COLLECTED POEMS AND PLAYS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE. 12s 6d. MOODY BROTHERS, LTD.—CROOK FRIGHTFULNESS (Revised). By a Victim. 7s. 6d. NELSON.—THE DOG WITH PLUSH PAWS. By Lorna Lewis. Illustrated by Eleanor L. Halsey. 2s. 6d. GUARDIANS OF THE WILD. By M. B. Williams. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.—Ancient Monuments, Vol. III. ENGLAND: East Anglia and Midlands. By the Right Hon. W. Ormsby Gore. Illustrated. 1s. ROUTLEDGE.—CHRISTMAS AND OTHER FEASTS AND FESTIVALS: A Pictorial Commentary for Grown-Ups. By Claude Flight. 5s

THE MAGIC TUNNEL OF CERBÈRE

(*Continued from page 122*)

other train is about to steam off through that tunnel, magical strip separating a world at war, the worst fratricidal inferno of our time, from a world at peace, from a land of liberty and material well-being more sure and accented than in any other major Continental land. If only Frenchmen travelled how much more sensible and satisfied they'd be!

The short train heading for Barcelona has a more boisterous, apparently happier human cargo than the express arriving thence. The Volunteers are here at their maximum idealistic stage as they career round the station after wine and victuals and cigarettes: especially the last two which promise to be so meagre the other side of that tunnel. The train arriving from the tunnel holds a restrained company, with few exceptions. Refugees, sick, orphans, widows, old people knowing not whither they shall go, disillusioned or turned-down fighters, expelled cases, bourgeois who have seen their entire savings and possessions confiscated, people who have left those they love best, almost certainly for ever, other uprooted ones with joblessness looming as an expanding nightmare. Most to the fore among the explosively gay or relieved minority are members of the International Brigade returning on two weeks' leave.

The hub of it all is the buffet which is packed all day and far into each night—until the sweepers evacuate the last homeless ones who had hoped to shelter from the cold in an obscure corner. Out they must go, and if they haven't any money to buy their short way on to Perpignan and temporary succour in the form of soup and shelter, then they must hit the hard high road for the 30 miles thither, no matter what the weather, no matter what their own state of weakness may be.

Nearly all of us in the buffet had refugees to our tables for a feed, and the little proprietor went round pouring out his own wine, free, to needy cases. Yet what did that amount to? I had a couple of children too frozen with fright to be articulate. A porter said their parents had been blown up in Madrid and that the two boys were to be taken care of by a religious order at Montpellier.

Not that it is solely boisterousness or tragedy towards 2 p.m. at this astonishing station. A strident business note dominates the twain as delegates of the F.A.I. (Barcelona Anarchist-Syndicalist rule) take over merchandise from French firms and bargain about and order more. At one table you will overhear a family story of desolation. At the next, it will be fervid talk about the Communist ideal. At a third table, men will be discussing Franco's chances. At a fourth, volunteers going on leave will be telling the tale to comrades about to pierce that tunnel. At a sixth table it will be a case of hard commercial chatter, as stern and somewhat arrogant young militiamen of education arrange deals for further waggon-loads of sugar or tinned foodstuffs, the while their lorries and high-powered cars are being stacked outside the station with French produce just arrived.

The south-bound train drew off first into the tunnel, while the station reverberated to a farewell "Internationale," and many right fists were upraised. Then I got into the north-bound train.

WILD-CATTING IN BRITAIN

(*Continued from page 138*)

repercussion of which enables the expert to tell at what depth the rock lies beneath the surface of the ground.

At present there are many experts working in Great Britain for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company alone, and several for the Anglo-American Oil Company, which also has been granted a number of prospecting licences. In addition to survey work, shallow wells are drilled to a depth of 500 ft. or so to obtain geological information.

It was an American geologist, E. L. Ickes, who first began a survey of Great Britain with a view to its oil-bearing possibilities. He inspected various spots where seepages of oil had been noted. Mr. Ickes stated after visiting them that he had seen abundant evidence of the possibility of oil in the limestone of Derbyshire.

The actual total of the Government experiments involved a total depth drilled of 40,000 ft. People may think that the experiment was expensive, but at that time the war was costing £8,000,000 a day. The actual places tested were Ridgeway Renishaw, Brimington, Heath, Ironville, and Hardstoft in Derbyshire, Apedale and Werrington in Staffordshire, and West Calder and D'Arcy in Scotland. At the last named well oil was struck at a depth of only 1,800 ft., and within less than two months seven tons of oil were obtained. Operations were then suspended, although the authorities regarded it as exceedingly likely that oil would be found in very large quantities at a greater depth.

One may conclude with Mr. Ickes' statement "Anyone acquainted with the hazards of wild-cat drilling will acknowledge that eleven scattered wells are insufficient to test thoroughly a country of the size and geological conditions of the United Kingdom." He said that fourteen years ago. In the course of the next two years it is estimated that £750,000 will be spent in all to see whether he was right.

Near Watford, Hertfordshire

This England

SLOW are the waters of this sweet green isle, enriching the lovely lowlands as they pass to their fulfilment in the sea. The people, too, move slowly to achieve their ends, and in this slow surety make many things the richer by the way. Even in urgent matters like the brewing of good beer a greater richness comes of slow maturing—as any glass of Worthington will prove.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

THE ROCK OF MONACO, the most picturesque feature of the little Principality where the winter season is now in full swing, offering unrivalled facilities for sport and entertainment. The Monte Carlo opera opens to-morrow (January 24) with a performance of Wagner's *Ring*

SAILING AWAY FROM WINTER

Some Favoured Ports of Call for those who would Escape by Cruising Liner to the Sunlit South

WE are now entering on the season of the year when time moves slowest, when even the gradual lengthening of the days does not carry with it the conviction of spring, so bleak they are, and so cold in the wind (was there ever anything more dispiriting, more shrivelling, than those bitter east winds we get in early March?). Even the snowdrops and the first, pinched crocuses are only a reminder of how far away real summer is. And it is the time when one's mental and physical powers of resistance to illness reach their lowest ebb; when neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, the common cold, and a hundred and one other ills that flesh is heir to, flourish as cheerfully as the green bay tree is traditionally alleged to do.

It is, in short, the time to go away. There are countries to which spring comes earlier than to this one. There are islands where the air is always soft and balmy, coaxing blossoms in marvellous profusion from a rich volcanic soil; there are calm seas on which the sunlight dances gloriously. What a relief, too, to escape not only from winter but from the immediacy of each day's fresh political crisis. It is an odd thing how, when you are at home reading the newspapers regularly, or even just glancing at their headlines over somebody else's shoulder, you can watch the world situation changing, apparently quite a lot, and generally for the worse, from day to day. Go away for three weeks, however, without looking once at any newspaper and the chances are that when you come back you will find the world in much the same state as it was when you left it.

Now the cruising holiday is particularly well designed as an escape from trouble, from all the petty annoyances and responsibilities that are eternally conspiring against one in the ordinary run of things. You pack, you take a short train journey, you go up a gangway, you reach your cabin; and there you are, at home for a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month, or however long it is (and nowadays there are cruises of every variety and length; the problems of cruising have been fully worked out to give the maximum of people the maximum of pleasure, whatever their particular tastes and requirements may be). You've got nothing more to worry about. Everything will be done for you, and done as you like it. You have only to enjoy yourself. For comfort, the cruising liner is unsurpassed, and from day to day, without yourself having to lift a finger, new coastlines, new cities, new peoples come within your range of vision, a continually changing panorama.

Consider, for instance, how amazingly rich is the Mediterranean in things to see; even leaving out of account unhappy Spain (from Gibraltar, at this moment one of the most important spots in the whole of the British Empire, you will get a glimpse of its rocky coastline and mountains going up behind. The same day, on the other side of the Straits, you will probably also see Tangier, in the international zone, and the heights of Ceuta), many of the world's rarest beauty spots lie scattered there, and to recite the names of some of them is like picking out jewels from a lovely case.

There is Villefranche, port of call for the famous resorts of the French Riviera; Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Menton, places that sparkle with a diamond brightness. Next, Italy, Genoa, busy port of the new Italy, its narrow, bustling streets, flanked many of them with buildings of the Renaissance period. Next, the Bay of Naples, the twinkling lights of its seafront after dusk strung out like a rope of pearls; and sometimes at night, too, there comes a shower of ruby sparks from Vesuvius. South now, towards Sicily; Palermo, most graceful of cities; the Straits of Messina, with Mount Etna towering magnificent, straight out of the sea, as it seems.

Then up the Adriatic, perhaps, towards Venice. Venice itself, as a matter of fact, does not really look its best until about May, when the summer sun brings out the full mellow glory of its ancient stones. But it can be very nice there in March and April too. The Dalmatian coast, of course, will soon be looking its best. Spring casts a magic spell over those old walled cities which are so remarkable a feature of this Yugoslavia; Split, Dubrovnik, Kotor . . . time has treated all of them with a strange gentleness. There are ruins, to be sure (but what finer ruin, anywhere, than the gigantic palace of Diocletian?) but there is a quietude about them, a calmness of spirit, that it is hard to recapture anywhere else in this present age.

Next, on to Greece and the gates of the Near East. Well, Athens is Athens, and it does not need me to expatiate on that theme (the almond trees blossom, by the way, at about the end of February—unless my recollection of a dozen years ago or so is at fault). Istanbul, moreover, is still, in a sense, Constantinople. That is to say, the approach to it still takes one's breath away with wonder; the mosque of Santa Sophia is still one of the most interesting buildings in the world; and even though the Turks who walk the streets may be bowler hatted and half Europeanised, the streets themselves still retain a certain quality of picturesqueness.

Then there is the coast of Palestine and the fascinating land that lies behind (Beirut, Damascus, Baalbek, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem—it is well-nigh incredible to think that cruising should have brought all these places within our reach); and turning once more towards home, or at any rate towards the west, there is Port Said, the gateway to the Suez Canal, and Alexandria, from both of which ports Cairo is only a few hours away by train. Then comes all the rest of the African coast—Libya, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco—the Barbary coast this is, that for so many centuries was pirate infested, but which has now at long last yielded to the ever strengthening pressure of European civilisation. Particularly interesting ports of call here are Algiers itself and the French city of Philippeville, whence a very worth while excursion to Constantine can be undertaken.

In this brief survey it remains only to mention two more places—both of them islands: Cyprus and Malta. Cyprus lies at the extreme eastern end of the Mediterranean, in the corner between the coasts of Anatolia and Palestine. It is very beautiful, and has a long, exciting history, in which at one juncture Richard Cœur de Lion played an important part. It has some splendid examples of Byzantine art in its churches which are not, unhappily, as well preserved as they might be. It is a British colony, and a place we are likely to be hearing more of in the not very distant future, as a naval base for our eastern Mediterranean forces.

Malta, of course, is our present naval base; a curious, long, low-lying island, between Sicily and the African coast, with evidences of civilisations almost literally piled up on top of one another and going right back into the mists of time. It was at one period the headquarters of the Knights of St. John, and they were responsible for the many splendid buildings that grace Valetta, its capital.

Richard Nowell

THE NEAPOLITAN SCENE: A glimpse of the waterside life at Santa Lucia, Naples, with modern hotels in the background, clam beds in the foreground, and sailing craft in the harbour

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- 8th to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th day Alexandria and embark.
- 25th to 28th day At sea.
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- 21st to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th to 30th day As 56 gn. tour.

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Europe the Travellers' Playground

Some Hints for Holidays on Land

PARIS—CITY OF PERENNIAL APPEAL: The animation of the French capital would seem to be epitomised in this picture taken in the Champs Elysees looking towards the Arc de Triomphe. In May Paris is to be the scene of a great exhibition

At home one has the impression of half the countries in Europe waiting to fly at the throats of the other half. And for all I can say, it may be so. But I doubt it. For what does the ordinary man find when he goes abroad for a holiday? He finds other ordinary men, men who, making due allowance for the differences of national temperaments, are very much like himself: who think in much the same way that he thinks; who have very much the same sort of personal interests that he has: and who are genuinely glad to see him—glad of the opportunity to reassure him, if he needs reassurance, about their own point of view, and glad in turn to be reassured about his. Surely it cannot be altogether a fallacy that "tourism," on the scale we understand it to-day, offers a valuable means of allaying international friction?

Take France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, any of the participants in the present lively game of mutual recriminations. They are all delightful countries in which to travel, and the people of all of them are delightful to meet

France, at the moment, has something to offer everybody. In Paris, of course, there is tremendous concentration on the great International Exhibition which opens there in May, and in the meantime, incidentally, there is a particularly fine exhibition of sixteenth-century Flemish art being held at the Orangerie des Tuileries. In spite of what some people say, harking back to the hectic 'twenties, Paris is never disappointing, its "atmosphere" never palls. To go over there for a day or two is always immensely exciting, immensely stimulating. In this connection, by the way, if you don't want to fly but still want to save a certain amount of time, remember the train ferry. You can leave London last thing Friday night and be back there first thing Monday morning and still have two absolutely clear days on the other side, without the journey being tiring.

SPRING-TIME IN THE WONDERLAND OF ITALIAN TYROL: A peasant pausing beside a wayside crucifix in the country round Cortina d'Ampezzo - an all the year round resort of rare charm

In other parts of France—the Savoy Alps, the Pyrenees, the Vosges, winter sports will still be in full swing for some weeks yet. The development and growing popularity of the French mountain resorts for energetic winter holidays, were dealt with by a writer in these columns only last week, so there is no need to go over the ground again now. Older favourites, of course, and with their powers of attraction quite undimmed it would seem, are the Riviera resorts. Indeed, Monte Carlo is reliably reported to be enjoying just now the best season it has had for years. Partly a reward for the wisdom of keeping prices down, no doubt, but partly, too, because it offers so many and such varied attractions, and there is a magic ring about its name. Monte Carlo looks like being able to qualify soon for some such title as "the Salzburg of the South," for this year again, just as last, they have collected an amazing number of international celebrities for their concerts which take place twice a week throughout the season

Now let us step across the frontier and have a look at Italy. Here again the winter sports enthusiast will find much that is to his liking. Cortina d'Ampezzo and Sestrières are the two chief centres, and Sestrières, the "new" resort, with its "new" hotels which in shape are unlike any other hotels that have ever been seen in the Alps (but none the less comfortable on that account) is enjoying particular popularity at the moment.

It is still a bit early for Rome, where the wind is apt to blow rather sharply in this early part of the year. But it will be lovely there in a month or so, when the spring flowers are out on the Alban hills and one can linger in the Pincio Gardens of an afternoon. There are some people, and as a matter of fact the present writer must be counted amongst them, who rather regret that so much of the picturesque Rome of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should have been cleared away in order to reveal more and ever more of the somewhat bleak vistas, the broad stone pavements, and ruined columns of the classical age. But no one could say that the Duce, in this as in every other field, has not made a remarkably clean and thorough job of his undertaking.

Down in the South, by this time, in Sicily and along the Naples Riviera—Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri—the mid-day sun will already be shedding a luxurious warmth, and those who have had the good sense to go there will be thinking complacently of those who have not.

Portugal, too, is an admirable springtime country. Many people get a glimpse of it when they are cruising, but it is a pleasant country to stay in for a bit, to take one's leisure in, and appreciate the warm pink colour of its villages, the good-heartedness of the people, the quite amazing beauty and profusion—if you are interested in that kind of thing—of its wild flowers. Estoril offers admirably civilised headquarters, with pleasant scenery away to the north and Lisbon within easy reach. Lisbon, in my opinion, is a town worth getting to know really well—a town in which to potter, for it has much of the eighteenth-century charm and quaintness of the Rome that has been pulled down. Estoril incidentally, is one of the most physically invigorating places I have ever stayed at, presumably because of the marvellous freshness of its Atlantic breezes. After you have been there about four days you feel a new man

Next, taking a long jump, let us land in Germany. No people have a keener, a more exacting sense of hospitality than have the Germans. Their consideration and kindliness, their generous honesty, their sense of orderliness, make it a place where one can spend a very happy holiday. Mind, I am not suggesting that the political observer, accustomed to our own rather tolerant standards, will necessarily be in sympathy with everything he sees and hears, but I do assert, and I think it is important to assert, that anybody who holds back from going there on holiday because he thinks he may be out of sympathy, is making a grave mistake and is depriving himself of an experience that would more than likely prove both pleasurable and valuable.

Finally, of the places fairly near home which can be visited in early spring, Switzerland must be mentioned. If you want snow, it can be found in pretty well all the winter sports resorts of the Bernese Oberland and the Grisons until March, and until later, much later, in the higher ones. If, on the other hand, you want sunshine and early blossom and cypress trees, then cross the Alps and settle down to enjoy yourself in Lugano or Locarno, by the side of those blue lakes that reflect the mountains all around them, and for sheer romance simply cannot be beaten. S. S.

BENEATH CAPRI'S TOWERING CLIFFS: An unusual view of the beautiful island in the Bay of Naples. In spite of its world-wide fame it has the distinction of remaining comparatively unspoilt

There is good food at **Monte Carlo**

"BEASTS feed: man eats: the man of intellect alone knows how to eat," said Brillat Savarin, the gourmet's guide. It's a wise company, then, that gathers at Monte Carlo—for the food there is perfection.

Who that has once tasted it can forget the *madrilène* of Monte Carlo, rose-red and nectar to the palate? And what adventurer worthy of the name would not travel cross-continent to the Hôtel de Paris for *mostèle cambacérès*—a local fish existing only, it would seem, for the delectation of the greedy. Chef Rampoldi is the great man responsible, for that and other *créations de la maison—Filet de sole nonante huit, Poularde soufflée Hôtel de Paris, Filet de boeuf Prince Albert*—the variety is endless. If you can't decide for yourself, get Maître d'hôtel Broc to do it for you. He is your mentor at the Sporting Club or Café de Paris. At the Hôtel de Paris Messieurs Barroni and Lanteri will guide, advise and cherish you. And they know how to do it—they've been at it for 25 and 40 years respectively!

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Flower Show, *March 28–April 4*; Dog Show, *April 3–4*; THEATRE—Season of Comedies and Operettas opened at Beaux Arts Theatre, *January 21*.

SPORT: Winter Sports at Beuil—Viking Cup and Primrose Cup, International Ski-jumping competition, *February 21*; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; Easter Tournament, *March 27–April 7*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Charles PANZERA, *February 5*; Gioconda de VITO, *February 10*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*. OPERA—WAGNER'S "TRISTAN and ISOLDE," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, are appearing during the course of the season, which lasts till *April 10*.

Where the Cruising Liners Go

Itineraries for Spring-time Holidays Afloat

SPRING-TIME in Egypt.—Even those who have not time for the full length Egyptian holiday that we should all like to take have a splendid opportunity of getting something more than just a glimpse of the land of the Nile, if they happen to be contemplating a Mediterranean cruise round about Easter time. For four, at any rate, of the big liners are including either Port Said or Alexandria amongst their ports of call, and in every case there will be time for a trip to Cairo, which is definitely one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

First there is the Cunard White Star's 20,000 - ton *Laconia*, leaving Southampton on the evening of Wednesday, March 17, and visiting pretty well all the most interesting places in the whole Mediterranean—Algiers, Malta, Athens, Haifa, Alexandria, Naples, Kotor, Dubrovnik, and Villefranche, as well as Lisbon on the outward journey. She arrives at Alexandria on Friday, April 2, and remains there three days exactly. This allows time enough not only for a visit to Cairo, but also for going to Luxor as well, an excursion that is admirably organised by Cook's. The total duration of the cruise is thirty days, and fares are from 52 guineas.

Next, there is a 28-day Royal Mail Line cruise, with fares from 48 guineas upwards, leaving Southampton on March 25. This, too, will cover the Mediterranean fairly comprehensively (Algiers, Naples, Capri, Palermo, Larnaca, Port Said, Rhodes, Phaleron Bay, Sfax, and on the way back to England Lisbon), and will include a stay of 39 hours at Port Said. The popular *Atlantis* (16,000 tons) is the ship.

Then there is an *Arandora Star* cruise (Blue Star Line) starting on April 10, again from Southampton, and visiting Malta, Greece, Gallipoli, the Dardanelles, Rhodes, Turkey, Cyprus, Syria, Egypt, Algeria, and Portugal. The whole of Sunday, April 25, will be spent at Port Said in order to give passengers the opportunity of taking the trip to Cairo. This cruise finishes on May 7, and the fares are from 52 guineas.

And fourthly the Orient liner *Orion* will include in her itinerary both Alexandria and Port Said, when she sets off on a three weeks' cruise from London on April 17. The full route is as follows: Bizerta, Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Beyrout, Rhodes, Gibraltar. The minimum fare on this cruise is 36 guineas, and the tonnage of *Orion* is 23,000.

Thus, it will be seen that in this year's spring programmes, Egypt stands very much to the fore, and no passenger who avails himself of the opportunities that Cook's shore excursions give him for employing his time there to best advantage will have any cause to regret it.

EGYPT'S LURE: Looking down on the ruins of world-famous Karnak which, with Luxor, comprised the ancient city of Thebes. Many of its temples are in a truly wonderful state of preservation

Canadian Pacific Cruises.—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have, as usual, planned a very active programme for their fleet of cruising liners during the coming season. Between the end of May and early October some twenty-three cruises are scheduled to start from English ports, but what will be of more immediate interest to readers are the early spring itineraries of those fine ships *Duchess of Atholl* and *Duchess of Richmond*.

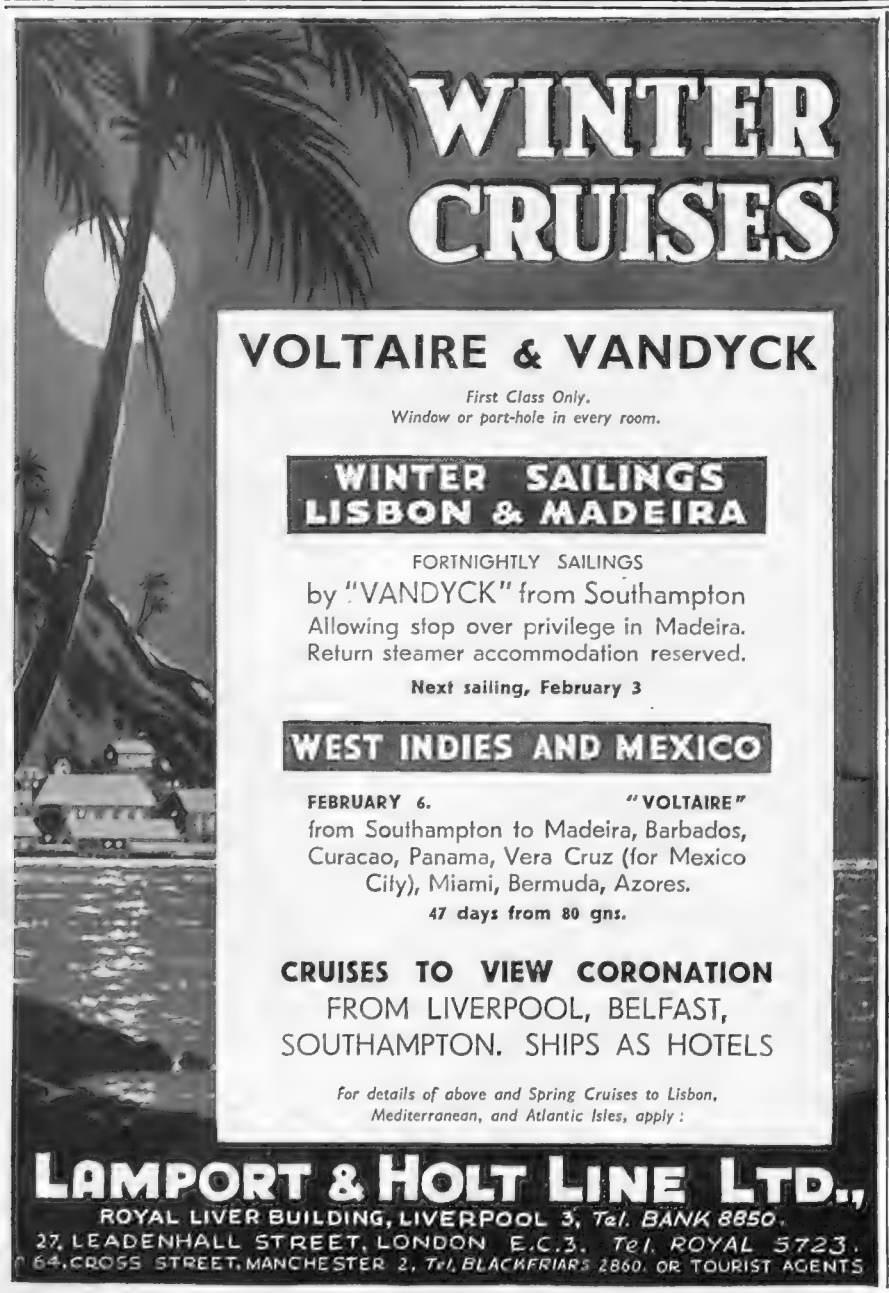
On February 18 the former of them sets off to visit a number of interesting places in the West Indies, with a call at Miami before she returns. The other ports of call are as follows: Bridgetown, La Brea, Port of Spain, Grenada, Kingston, and Havana. She will be back at Southampton on the morning of March 22. The fares for this attractive cruise are from 55 guineas.

Three days later the *Duchess of Atholl* will be off again, this time for the Mediterranean. She will be away eighteen days (fares from 31 guineas) and will visit Philippeville, Naples, Monaco, Algiers, and Lisbon, returning to Liverpool on Monday, April 12.

And now the *Duchess of Richmond* on March 11. She has a cruise going to those warm and favoured spots the Atlantic Islands and the coast of West Africa. Here is the itinerary—Southampton, Cherbourg, Casablanca, Madeira, Freetown, Dakar, Las Palmas, and back to Southampton. The cruise will occupy nineteen days, the fares are upwards of 33 guineas.

"Voltaire" and "Vandyck."—By general consensus of opinion, these two liners belonging to the Lamport and Holt Company are amongst the nicest afloat, and it is good to see that they will be as act.

(Continued on page 152)



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SPRING-TIME

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TO EGYPT AND THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

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"ATLANTIS"	,,	March 25:	28 days from **43** gns.
"ARANDORA STAR"	,,	April 10:	27 days from **52** gns.
"ORION"	,,	April 17:	21 days from **36** gns.

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Duchess of Atholl from Southampton

MARCH 25, 1937. Visiting Philippeville, Naples, Monaco, Algiers and Lisbon. Returning to Liverpool. Duration: 18 days. Minimum Rate: 31 Gns.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Royal Norfolk at Bognor—an Hotel of Individuality at a Resort Peculiarly Favoured by the Sun

THE other week an advertisement caught my eye which read "Spend a week-end in the sun at the Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor Regis." Now the man who spends his Monday to Friday hours under the cold grey sky of the city, and finds his golf match at the week-end so often ruined by the activities of Mr. Pluvius, would probably read such an announcement with a considerable degree of cynicism, unless he has personal knowledge of Bognor Regis as I have.

For I can write with some ten years experience of Bognor Regis and that small stretch of coastline which extends eastward to Worthing, and without any degree of exaggeration I can state that time and time again I have left London on Saturday when it has been raining or foggy, found it overcast as far as the foot of the north slopes of the Downs, but directly I have topped the summit of Bury Hill, I have started running into sunshine.

I can give no reason for this favouritism on the part of the sun, nor do I seek one. I am content to receive, gratefully.

I remember one year taking a furnished house close to the Royal Norfolk Hotel. Whether it happened to be an exceptionally mild winter, I cannot remember, but what I do recollect is that there was not a week-end when I did not sit out on a deck chair on my sheltered veranda; and on my return to London on the Monday listened with a good deal of malicious glee to my fellow club members informing me "that it had been a cold and miserable week-end in town."

But it was only the other day that I visited the Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor, for the first time and I must say I was most agreeably surprised. I had anticipated, I know not why, the Royal Norfolk to be dull: I had classed it as early Victorian. I used to see the cars roll up at week-ends and presumed they stopped there because it was the only place they could stop at.

But now I know better, and I can say with a good deal of emphasis that the Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor, has more individuality wrapped up in its four walls than many of its modern rivals in other towns.

In many respects the Royal Norfolk Hotel is old fashioned, delightfully so, and its regular visitors would not have it otherwise. In the dining-room you sense the old fashionedness of the long established West End Club. A cold table with a bewildering choice—clean napery—gleaming silver—solid furnishing, and very deferential service. The head waiter has been there some twenty-five years. Prior to the war he was, as one could guess, in a West End club. One instinctively feels that here is a man to be consulted, and if it is a question of wines, you *can* consult him with the greatest degree of confidence.

Even if Royalty had never visited the Royal Norfolk it would still deserve the appellation of "Royal" for the cooking and service alone; one appreciates that the chef and the head waiter are past masters of their jobs; one feels that the occasion demands coffee, liqueur, and a cigar.

From the old fashioned dining-room I passed to one of the lounges and on the way, occupying a very modest position on one of the corridor walls, I noticed framed autographs of various Royal personages who have stayed at the Royal Norfolk from time to time, commencing with Queen Victoria and continuing up to more recent times.

It is often said that recommendation is an hotel's best advertisement and the fact that members of our own, and other royal families have, over a considerable period of years, patronised the Royal Norfolk, speaks volumes for the high standard of comfort that prevails there. These visits, coupled with the fact that Bognor was selected for His Majesty King George V to convalesce in, are indicative of the sunny and health giving qualities of Bognor as a whole.

Going upstairs I could not help again sensing the very pleasant old fashionedness coupled with modern comforts. There are the essentials of running hot and cold water, and the non-essentials of modern eye-catching furniture. There is craft—not craftiness—in every wardrobe. I felt that one could sleep in any of the beds and feel royal in the process; and practically every room faces due south, most of them on the first floor with balconies, and all with extensive views far over the Channel.

But what impressed me most about the Royal Norfolk was the feeling of hospitality and friendliness, which one can put down to the fact that the Royal Norfolk is one of the few first-class family hotels which still remain under family control. The proprietor of the Royal Norfolk, Bognor, and the Royal at Winchester is Mr. G. James, and I think I am right in saying that his son, Mr. Harry James, who is personally resident at Bognor, is known to, and knows every visitor who comes to stay at the Royal Norfolk, and whether or not he is in evidence at the time of your arrival, you may be sure you will be made welcome, seen to your room, and that always you are an individual and never a number.

Bognor has a worthy reputation for its sands—its sunshine and its sea breezes, and as one who has had actual experience of residence there, I can advocate with a good deal of confidence holidaying there in the winter and early spring, especially when it is backed by the real comfort of the Royal Norfolk Hotel.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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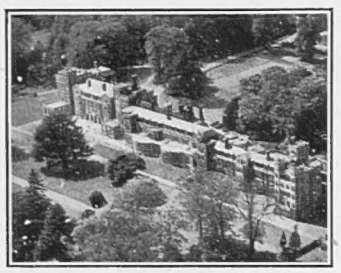

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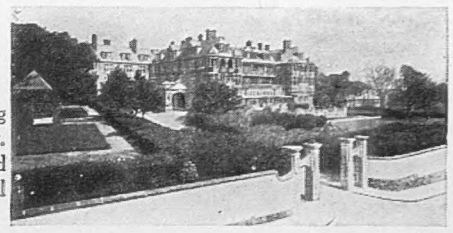

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Where the Cruising Liners Go

(Continued from page 148)

as ever in 1937. The *Voltaire*, as a matter of fact, is just on the point (February 6) of setting off on an ambitious cruise to Madeira, Barbados, Curaçao, Panama, Vera Cruz (for Mexico City), Miami, Bermuda, and the Azores, getting back to Southampton on March 25. It is perhaps a little late in the day to suggest to anybody that they should go on this, if they had not thought of doing so before; but what a marvellous itinerary for those who *are* going on it!

However, she will be leaving again immediately (the very same day), for three weeks among the Atlantic Isles and along the West Coast of Africa; Casablanca, Bathurst, Dakar, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, and Lisbon, is the exact route. Fares for this Easter cruise are from 30 guineas.

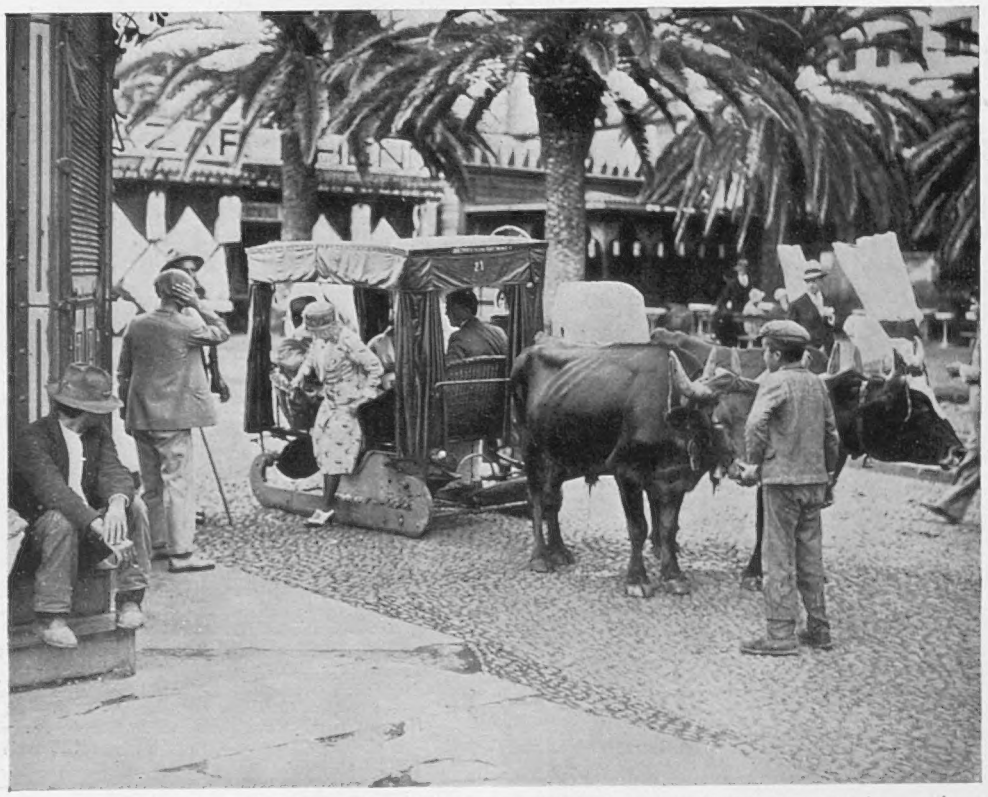
Then on April 17 she is scheduled for another cruise, this time an eighteen-day one, going to Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Tangier, and Lisbon, the fares for which are from 25 guineas.

The *Vandyck* starts her season on May 10 with a "Coronation Cruise" to London, Hamburg, and Antwerp, lasting ten days. Fares are from 20 guineas.

The tonnage of both these ships, by the way, is 13,250; they carry only first-class passengers and have only outside cabins.

Amazon Cruise.—The idea of an Amazon cruise is one which has brought its originators, the Booth Line, a great deal of well deserved credit. It has certainly "caught on," and during 1937 two of their ships will be taking passengers on what must surely, for ordinary people as opposed to explorers, be one of the most remarkable journeys in the world. After all, a river that can still be navigated by an ocean liner 1,000 miles inland from its mouth, is not something to be encountered in every country, and, in this case the Amazon, the journey up it takes you through the very heart of a jungle much of which is still entirely unknown to white men. It is a land of mystery and extraordinary beauty, and there are a number of unforgettably interesting shore excursions to be made at different points. Manaos marks the journey's end, and here the boat stops some four or five days, and the cruise passengers are enabled to enjoy the hospitality of the English Club, with its swimming pool and tennis courts.

The whole trip takes seven weeks from start to finish, and considering how much it embraces (you call at Leixões, Lisbon, and Madeira before crossing the Atlantic at all) the fares are really remarkably cheap, for these boats are thoroughly comfortable and everybody who has been on it pays tribute to the splendid organisation of the whole cruise. You can pay £75, £80, or £85, including certain scheduled shore excursions, while for the June and August sailings, these are reduced to £60, £70, and £75. Forthcoming sailings are as follows: s.s. *Hilary*—February 6 and April 8; s.s. *Anselm*, February 26 and April 30. For anybody who is looking for a holiday that is "different," here is one well worth considering!



IN THE COBBLED STREETS OF FUNCHAL: No trip ashore at Madeira is complete without a ride in a bullock-drawn sledge, one of the principal modes of transport on this Atlantic island

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Photo by Mr. A. S. Wadia

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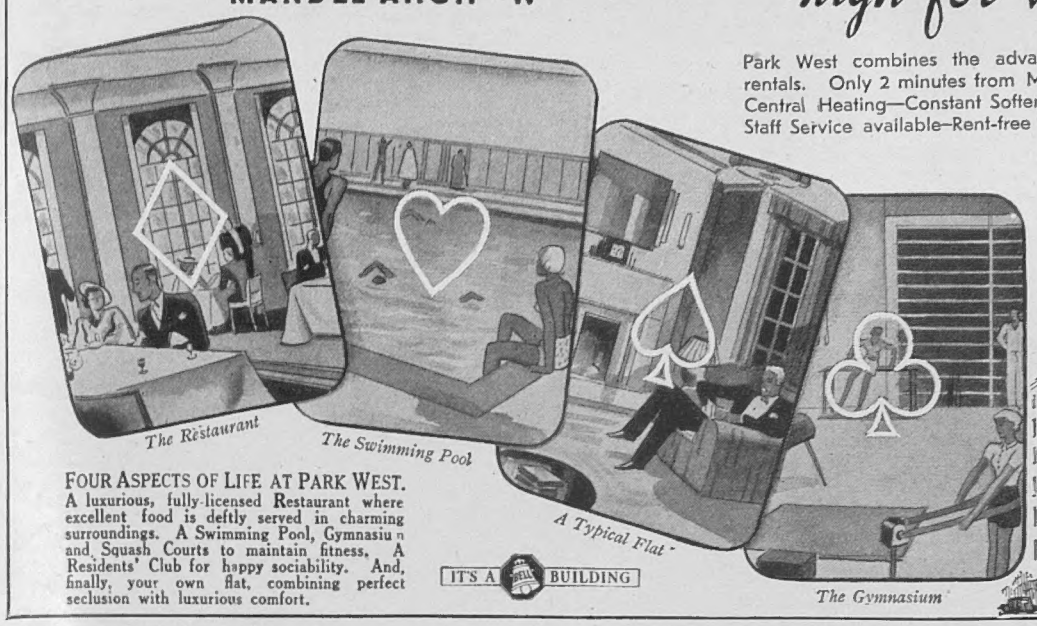

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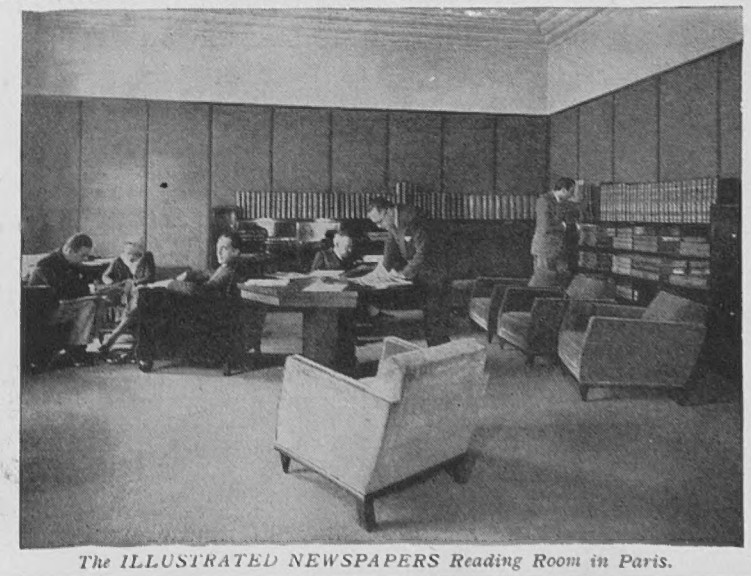

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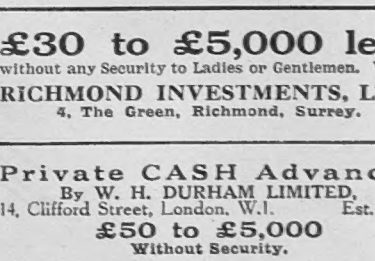

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